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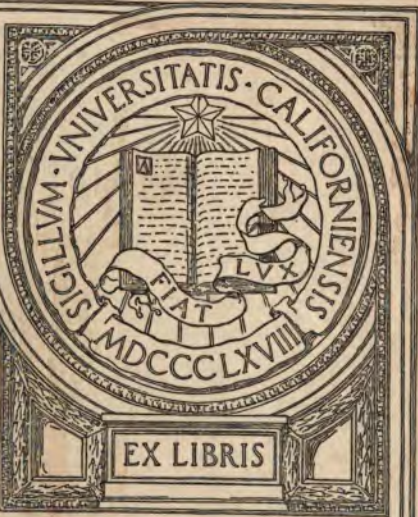
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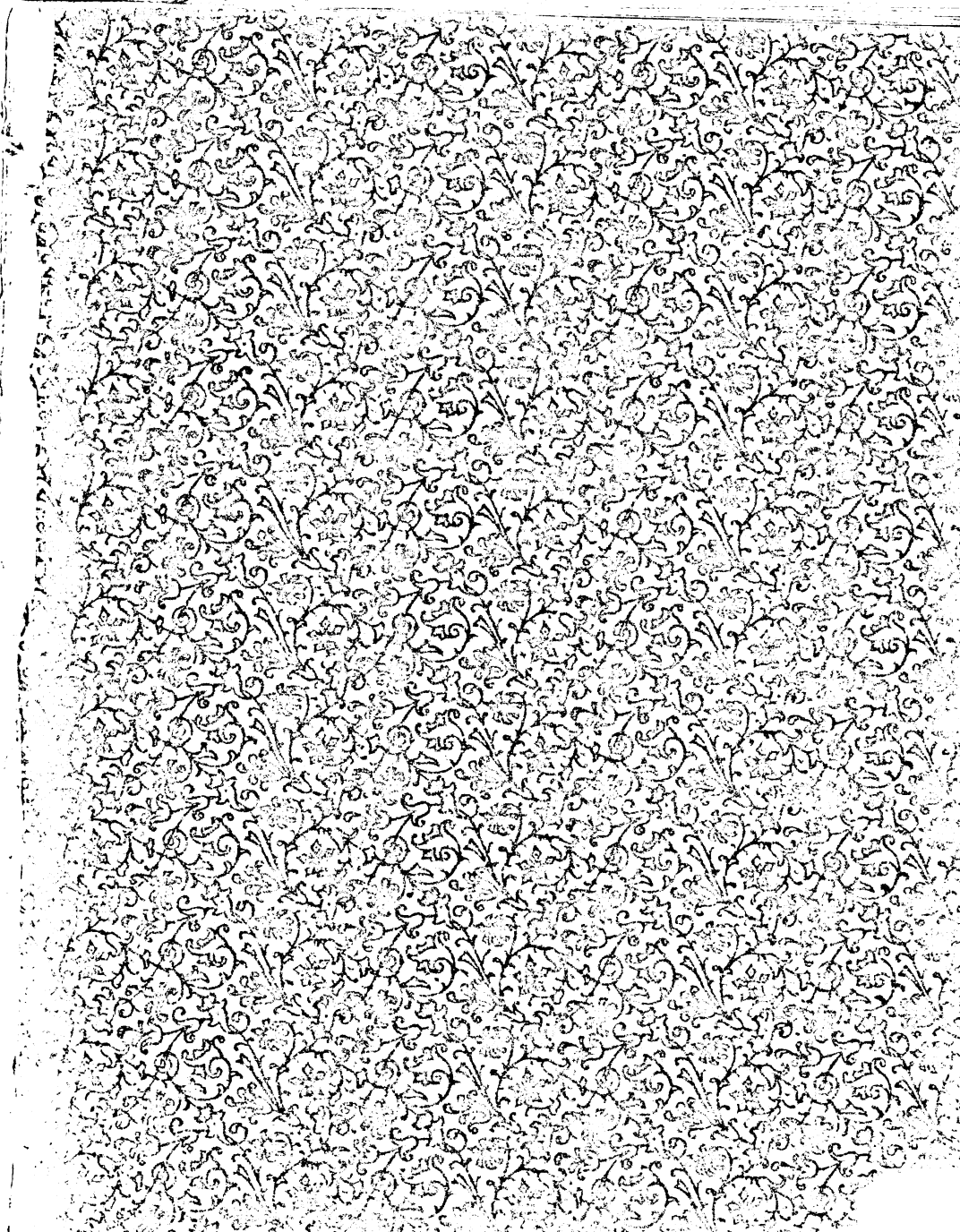
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Main Street in 1828

# THE HUNDREDTH TOWN.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN WESTBOROUGH.

1717-1817.

BY

HARRIETTE MERRIFIELD FORBES.  
/1



BOSTON :

PRESS OF ROCKWELL AND CHURCHILL, 39 ARCH STREET.

1889.





## P R E F A C E .



FOR the use of the Parkman papers, thanks are due to the Antiquarian Society, in Worcester, for the earliest volume of the Journal and the Natalia; to Mrs. I. E. S. Tuckerman, of Amherst, for the Journals of the years 1737 and 1778-80; to Mrs. Maria D. Leach, for that of Anna Sophia Parkman; and to Mrs. Nahum Fisher, for several papers of interest. Mrs. J. W. Brittan has kindly loaned the large number of papers left by Dr. Hawes, and Mrs. Sarah Ball Searle, of Northborough, those of Dr. Ball.

Nearly all the older residents of the town have been of very great assistance in the work, by telling stories of fact or folk-lore, or by pleasant companionship in drive or walk.

For the title chosen, THE HUNDREDTH TOWN, I am indebted to the chance of circumstance, — ninety-nine other towns having been previously incorporated in Massachusetts.

The view of Main street in 1828 is taken from an old water-color in possession of Mrs. Leach; that of the church in 1806 from a drawing, also loaned by her, made by Mr. Charles Parkman. Governor Davis' birthplace is from a daguerreotype owned by Mrs. George C. Davis, of Northborough.

The engraving was done by Clara Denny Ward, of Shrewsbury.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. TRACES OF THE INDIAN . . . . .	9
II. THE FIRST SETTLERS . . . . .	31
III. OLD ROADS AND TAVERNS . . . . .	47
IV. THE MINISTER'S FAMILY . . . . .	67
V. THE TOWN PHYSICIAN . . . . .	103
VI. LEGAL PRACTICES . . . . .	120
VII. PHANTOMS AND REALITIES . . . . .	132
VIII. STEPHEN MAYNARD AND SOME OF HIS NEIGHBORS . . . . .	154
IX. THE LAST OF THE NIPMUCKS . . . . .	167
X. SOCIAL CUSTOMS . . . . .	186



# THE HUNDREDTH TOWN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### TRACES OF THE INDIAN.

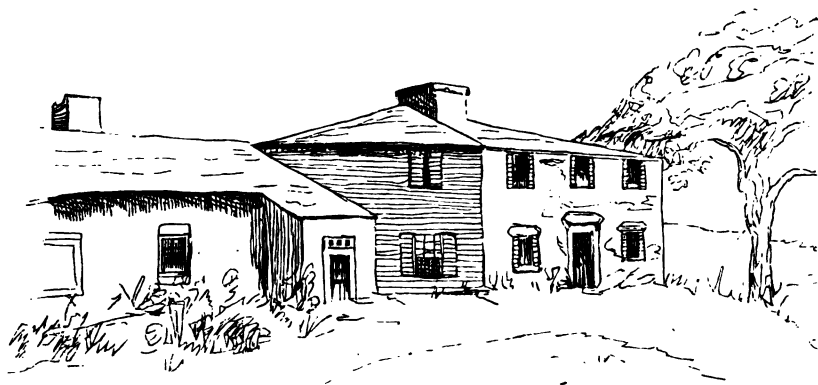


MORE than two hundred years have passed away since the Indian, unmolested, roamed through the wilderness of Wabbequasset — the land of the Nipmucks — the Whetstone country. Nearly every trace of him has disappeared. His Okommakamesit and Whipsufferage we call Marlborough; Hassanamisco, the place of small stones, is Grafton; Wopanage, the crossing-place, is Milford; and Magunkook, the place of great trees, is Hopkinton. Very few places retain their Indian names; even the great pond, Naggawoomcom, was rechristened Chauncy, in honor of a Harvard College president, to whom the land near by was granted.

The exceptions in this immediate vicinity are Quinsigamond, "the pickerel-fishing place," in Shrewsbury; the



river Assabet (pronounced, in the boyhood of the old men, Assawbet), flowing through Westborough; and Hoccomocco, the pond which the "fresh-water fishermen" named for their evil spirit, because they believed that whoever chanced to be near its borders was under some malignant influence.



*Birthplace of Horace Maynard*

The legend of this pond was written by Hon. Horace Maynard for the "Horæ Collegianæ," published by the undergraduates of Amherst, in 1838. He says it was told to him "by an old Indian, the last of his tribe." This was probably old Andrew Brown, of whom more hereafter. With some omissions, it is as follows: —

*A LEGEND OF THE HOBOMAK.*

“It is, truly, a most singular place. Surrounded on three sides by heavy, deep-shaded woods, that, as they recede from the shore, tower to the summits of the high hills by which it is encircled, it presents a dreary, cavernous aspect, dismally relieved by the low, palpitating quagmire bordering the fourth side. It is seldom visited, except by the fisherman in his skiff, or the truant school-boy, to gather the lilies that fringe the margin; and seldom by them except in broad daylight, the most foolhardy being scarcely venturesome enough to tread by night the muggy paths that wind through its tangled underwood and murky bogs. A Sabbath stillness reigns there almost unbroken. The angler holds converse with his fellows at the other end of the boat in the softest whispers; the century-living crow croaks dull and husky from the pine in yonder cove; even the querulous jay in that clump of alders softens her shrew-like note. Occasionally, perhaps, a mink or an otter rises to the surface, takes a hasty survey of the upper regions, flaps his strong tail, and sinks back to his slimy habitation; but saving a few such equivocal sounds, the Genius of Silence holds uninterrupted sway. Such is the Hoccomocco, as it is called by the hinds in the neighborhood; and the town surveyor himself has not ventured,

in his 'Survey of the Town,' so far to violate the vulgar prejudice, as to give it its proper designation of Hobomak. This, as is well known, was the Indian appellation of the Evil Spirit.

. . . . .

"Tradition affirms that Captain Kidd concealed a large portion of his ill-gotten booty somewhere along the inhospitable shores of the Hobomak, and so vigilantly has it been guarded by the infernal powers, that not a soul has caught a glimpse of it since. Not that no attempt has been made to recover it from such infamous stockholders, and give it a more honorable investment. Many a deep-sunk pit would you find along the desolate shores of the pond, dug, about the charmed hour of midnight, by two ignorant day-laborers, while a third stood guard, holding a drawn sword and gun charged with a silver bullet, and a fourth marched close to the limit of the magic circle, reading most reverently from a big family Bible which he carried perpendicularly before him; thus, by weapons carnal and weapons spiritual, bidding defiance to the Spirit of Darkness. But, with all their midnight financiering, the gold pieces were never observed to twinkle particularly bright through the interstices of their silk purses.

. . . . .

## I.

“‘And this is my wedding-night,’ said the beautiful Iano, as she stood contemplating her lithe and graceful form, mirrored in the glassy rivulet which forms the outlet of the Hobomak. Her beads and wampum were most daintily entwined about her neck and arms; her hair hung negligently on her shoulders, confined only by a fillet of wild-flowers; a neatly wrought moccasin concealed a wanton little foot and ankle; and a mantle of bear-skin completed her attire. She was the belle of her tribe, and, like all belles, an incorrigible coquette. All the young warriors had in turn sued for her hand, and all had been rejected except the chief, Sassacus. He had remained a long time unsusceptible to her charms; or, if he had been moved, his emotions were kept locked up within his own breast. Even when he had inwardly resolved to wed the proud and volatile creature, he refrained from communicating his sentiments, but adopted a course of policy which has succeeded in bringing many a flirt into the arms of her lover since those times. Somebody has said, — caustically enough, to be sure, — that if the suitor would cease to pursue his mistress, she would turn and give chase to him. Whether this be truth, or a mere epigram intended for effect, our regard for the sex will not allow us to decide; such, certainly, was the experience of Sassacus. He stood aloof from

the fair one till she began to pine in secret for his love. Often would she watch him as he sat in council, or joined in the wild measures of the war-dance. She fed upon his looks till he became her soul's ideal of beauty, — such steadfast limbs, such a massive chest, such a noble gait, such a lofty, commanding brow! All her arts of fascination had failed; and a sigh of mingled vexation and despair would escape from the very bottom of her heart, as she saw him from day to day sporting with the other and less beautiful maidens of the tribe.

“The keen-eyed chief let none of these things escape his notice; and when he had sufficiently humbled the proud spirit of the girl, he changed his demeanor. By a few trifling presents and an occasional flattering word he kindled a feeble spark of hope in the breast of the fair despondent, but, at the same time, without allowing her to presume on his affection. In this way he inveigled her completely into his power, and extorted a full confession of love, before he had given her the least proof of his own attachment. He now began to play the lover in real earnest. Having stipulated with the parents of the maid for the price of her ransom, and all the other preliminaries being duly settled, he made preparation for the marriage festival. Iano had reached the very pinnacle of happiness. Her step was the lightest among the maidens as they tripped it through the

---

glades of the forest; her canoe danced gayest as they glided cheerily over the water. She longed for the hour when the priest should bind herself and her lover in the mystic girdle. And what betrothed damsel will not sympathize? Thus she stood by the brook meditating her approaching happiness, now readjusting her ornaments, and studying the effect; now patting the water with her tiny foot, and watching the ripples as they circled out of sight, till the sun had dropped behind the hills, and night had begun to fling her gray shadows over the earth. In the ecstasy of her joy her disposition for frolic returned. She had never ventured to play her pranks upon the stern Sassacus, but the temptation was too great to be resisted; she could not give up her maiden freedom without one more act of enjoyment. 'The young men are assembling,' she continued, soliloquizing; 'I hear them laugh. I'll give them the slip for one night.'

## II.

"The wedding-party had indeed assembled. The warriors were there, each with all the scalps and wolf-locks he and his ancestors had ever taken from the foe or secured in the chase. These trophies marked their rank more truly than the purest heraldic emblazonry; and, reckoned by this rule, Sassacus was found abundantly deserving the post of chief. He was the bravest of his nation; no arrow was more cer-



tain in its flight, whether winged at man or beast; and no tomahawk cleft its victim with a more deadly aim than his. On this occasion he was decked with unusual splendor. The string of fish-bones — the insignia of royalty — depended from his neck; a triangular breast-plate, wrought from the fangs of the catamount, adorned his front; shells of small turtles dangled from his ears; a circlet, into which were fastened the tails of rattlesnakes, entwined his brow, making music as he walked; a tuft of eagle feathers crowned his head; while over his left shoulder was carelessly thrown a robe of wolf-skins, fringed with human scalps, a few of which were still green from the head of the fallen Pequot. Thus arrayed, he took his seat at the sacred fire, and on either side of him his warriors, according to rank. The seat at his right hand was vacant.

“‘Where is Wequoash?’” inquired he, glancing his eye over the company. As no one could answer him, all remained silent. He then propounded the question to each one in turn, and, by way of reply, he got an abundance of conjecture and much information touching the precious whereabouts of the missing; but, as far as any valuable, or in the least available, intelligence was concerned, his inquiries ended just where they began. The person in question was the second in rank to Sassacus, and his rival in war. For a long time he had been the avowed, and, as he supposed, the

accepted, lover of the fair Iano. The wreath that decked her brow his hand had woven; the fur robes that covered her lovely form were the spoils of his bow. In secret, indeed, she had cherished his hopes, intending to accept him at last should she fail in attracting Sassacus, though in public she had always treated him with the same cold indifference which marked her conduct towards the rest of her admirers. Thus fed, his passion increased in strength and violence, till it was too late to check its growth or to transfer it to another object. . . . In his anguish he had vowed eternal hate, and now awaited with his native indifference a favorable opportunity to wreck his purposed vengeance. By rank he was expected to be present at the marriage and to assist at the customary sacrifices, and the ardor with which he had superintended the preparations made his absence appear strange and unaccountable.

### III.

“ On the north shore of the Hobomak is a plain stretching away to the distance of several miles, skirted on the western side by a high range of hills, whose declivities, lined as they are with jutting masses of rock and a few scattering old trees, are, even at this day, sufficiently solemn and gloomy.” The most prominent of this range is Boston hill, so called, because it was supposed to be as thickly populated with

rattlesnakes as Boston with people. "Here and there yawns a cavern whose frightful depths few have courage or inclination to penetrate, so are left to be the abode of serpents and toads, and all such creatures as flee the face of man. Among these dismal haunts Wequoash, desirous to appear at the wedding signalized by some recent achievement, had been searching all day for the lurking-place of a panther which for a long time had infested the neighborhood. After an active and patient search, he found a crevice between two overhanging rocks that opened wider and deeper than the rest, and plunged into it without hesitation. On reaching the bottom he descried a narrow passage which branched off in a lateral direction under the base of the hill. Along this he crept upon his hands and knees for several hundred feet, till at length it terminated in a spacious cavern, the size of which, perfectly dark as it was, he found it difficult to determine. In this perplexity he gave a shrill cry, to try the effect of the reverberations. A low, faint echo died along the distant walls, followed by the hoarse growl of a wild beast. The experienced ear of the Indian instantly told him that he had hit upon the object of his search, and, directing a glance to another part of the vault, he discovered the eyes of the animal glaring like meteors in the midst of the surrounding darkness. . . .

"Wequoash quickly saw that he was discovered. He could

perceive the gleaming eyes gradually making towards him, till, crouching within a few feet, the animal appeared on the point of making the fatal spring. It was a moment requiring all the nerve for which he was distinguished even among his own stout-hearted race. He had left his bow behind him, not supposing that he should require its service in the bosom of the hills; and his tomahawk, hanging at his side, was his only weapon of attack or defence. To move from his position, in a place with which he was wholly unacquainted, would be attended with great hazard, and to retreat through the narrow aperture by which he had entered would expose him to the attack of his foe at still greater disadvantage. Amidst these perplexities the cool-headed Indian formed his plan of action as deliberately as if the merest trifle had been staked upon the issue. Seizing his hatchet from his belt, he hurled it with an instinctive aim, and bounded from the floor of the cave. In his descent he fell prostrate upon the body of the beast. The deadly missile had cleft his skull, and, by vaulting from his position, the hunter avoided the fatal spring which the creature sometimes makes upon its enemies, in the agonies of death. With much effort he drew his booty to the mouth of the cavern, and, throwing it over his shoulder, commenced his return, night having long since fallen.

## IV.

“The volatile Iano could not resist the temptation to play the truant to her betrothed, and to disappoint, for one night at least, the assembled youth of the tribe. At the farther extremity of the Hobomak was a huge old willow, mantled by an enormous wild grape-vine whose branches depended so as to form a beautiful natural arbor. Thither she was fond of retiring with one or two of her companions, and they, in honor of her, had named it Iano’s bower. In this charmed retreat she determined to pass the night, even at the risk of forever alienating her lover. So, unmooring her canoe, she stepped into the toppling thing, and darted from the shore. Away, away it flew dancing over the water, so light as scarcely to leave a ripple on the tranquil surface. Before she had reached the middle, the harvest-moon arose and threw its full-orbed light directly upon her. Hearing the sound of a light, stealthy footstep, and fearing that she should be discovered, she turned her canoe towards the nearest shore, and took refuge under the shadows of the overhanging trees.

“Wequoash was hastening homeward with his game, anxious lest he should be too late to participate in the cheer of the festival; for it ill assorted with his ideas of manliness, as well as with his dark system of policy, to appear wanting

in merriment and good-nature on an occasion so joyous to his rival and so humiliating to himself. As he neared the shore of the pond he descried a canoe skimming gracefully over the water, the moonbeams glancing from the paddle as it rose in light and even strokes, which the rower would now and then suspend, and look cautiously about her as if suspecting danger.

“‘It is the canoe of the False-hearted,’ said he to himself; ‘no other of our girls can dip her oars so lightly.’ She was alone, and he could wish for no more favorable opportunity to accomplish the pent-up purpose of his breast. The demon of vengeance had seized fast hold upon him, and every other consideration was forgotten. Seeing her approach the shore, he cast off his hunting-dress, dropped into the water a little before the bark, and swam softly beneath the surface till he was within a few feet of it. Just then the vigilant fugitive let fall her paddle, and applied her ear close to the water that she might detect more readily the footsteps of her pursuers, little dreaming that so deadly a foe lurked at the very bow of her skiff. To seize her by her floating tresses and drag her down required but little effort. A thrilling shriek of agony, a few frantic struggles, and all was over. She sunk like lead when released from the powerful grasp of the warrior. The canoe he dragged to a little distance, threw into it a large stone, which secured it firmly



at the bottom, thus obliterating every trace of his victim. He regained the shore, resumed his dress, bore away his game to a place of concealment, and, plunging into the forest, quickly was out of sight.

V.  

. . . . .

“The maidens who had been appointed to escort the bride into the presence of her lord sent one of their number with a message that Iano had disappeared a little before sunset, and could nowhere be found. A suspicion flashed across every mind that her disappearance was some way connected with the absence of Wequoash. All knew the strength of his former attachment and suspected the depth of his disappointment, and they were well assured that his haughty and irascible spirit would never brook an injury. Seizing their hatchets and bows, Sassacus and his young men sprang off into the woods to discover, if possible, the delinquent bride. Long and diligent was their search; every glade and dell was explored, but all to no purpose. Her canoe was gone, and no traces of it or of her could be found. Silent and dejected, they returned to the scene of their festivity; all but Sassacus. He came not. For hours they awaited him, indulging a feeble hope that he had been more successful; but even this, faint as it was, was dashed by the

approach of the chief, wearing a look of despair. He had seen his bride unmoor her skiff, and, guessing her intention, had run along the shore, keeping parallel with the course, intending to surprise the fair fugitive by seizing her in his arms just as she should spring to the land. She had eluded his sight by rowing under the cover of the woods on the opposite shore, and he began to fear she had given him the slip, after all his vigilance, when a narrow opening in the trees let in the moonbeams upon her, enough to project the outline of her form. All at once he saw her drop her oar, bend her ear to the water in the act of listening, then sink heavily beneath the wave. He remembered the heartless sacrifice, and his native superstition overcame him. His bride had perished by the unseen power of the Evil Spirit.

“After two days had elapsed, Wequoash had appeared in the village bearing the body of the panther. He was received by the aged and the children, the women and the warriors, with yells of delight; for his burden explained the cause of his absence, and, as usually happens when men find they have been indulging in groundless suspicions, their regard for him rose to a higher pitch than before. On learning the miserable fate of Iano, he was smitten with deep apparent grief; he smote his breast, and uttered the most frantic exclamations, like one distracted. Recovering at length, he

applied himself with unwearied assiduity to console the unhappy Sassacus, and by degrees the chief became more and more cheerful, till he appeared to have quite forgotten his sorrow. His gladness was but temporary, for heaviness and depression of spirits again stole over him, which terminated soon after with his life. Wequoash had now obtained complete revenge; his rival and his false-hearted mistress were both sleeping in the arms of death, and no one suspected his agency in destroying them. He assumed the command of the tribe, and having mourned a decent interval over the dead body of his predecessor, he sought to obliterate his memory from the minds of the people by leading them out to battle against the brave Narragansetts. Since, among savages, personal prowess is the only basis of distinction, his bravery and address in war soon rendered him a universal favorite.

## VI.

“The thirteenth moon had just begun to wane when Wequoash, returning one evening from a hunting expedition, seated himself upon a fallen tree near the shore of the Hobomak, and not far from the spot where, the year before, he had taken such vengeance upon the solitary maiden. . . . As he sat thus in troubled contemplation, a flame appeared streaming from the water just over

the place where the bones of the maiden slept, and casting upon everything around a blue mephitic light, of all, the most fearful. Presently a canoe arose, and floated straight towards him, as if animated by an invisible agency. Urged by an irresistible influence, he entered it, and was wafted directly to the strange illumination, which gradually resolved into a form like the form of the murdered Iano, only the expression was more sad and pensive. The spirit gazed intently upon him for a long time, unable as he was to resist the fascination; then, uttering a piercing shriek, melted away from his sight. He fell in a state of insensibility; on recovering, he found himself lying by the fallen tree, suffering from extreme exhaustion, and with much difficulty crept home before morning.

“Another revolution of the seasons brought another similar night. The lightnings gleamed vividly in the far-off horizon; the fireflies flitted over the morass; stillness reigned; the blue flame arose; the skiff came to the shore; the chieftain was again impelled to embark; the sorrowful form of the dead again appeared before him, and, exclaiming, ‘Only once more,’ again vanished into the abyss of waters.

“Deep melancholy now pervaded the mind of Wequoash. For days he would roam the forest without food, and shunning the faces of his fellow-men. . . . In this manner the year wore away, and the fatal night returned. This

time he assembled the tribe by the shore, and, in a long and pathetic harangue, disclosed to them how that it was by his hand the canoe of Iano had sunk; how that he had poisoned the sorrowing Sassacus under the pretence of administering exhilarating draughts. He then recounted his interviews with the unavenged spirit of the injured girl, and darkly alluded to the fate that there awaited him. Petrified with fear, they saw him enter the approaching canoe, and move passively to the mysterious flame. A form arose, but it was not the form of Iano. Her gentle spirit could not come for vengeance. It was the form of Sassacus, dark, terrific, confounding. 'This is my hour,' it said. Wequoash drew his robe closer about him, and folded his arms in token of resignation. A black cloud hovered over him; a vivid flash, a stunning thunder-peal, a few big rain-drops, — all was over; thick darkness succeeded; the chieftain was seen no more.

"The season was afterwards celebrated by the tribe for many generations, and a song was composed, which the maidens sung at their marriage festivals,—a mournful thing, descriptive of the character and fortunes of the rival chiefs and the too-much-loved Iano. Whenever they crossed the Hobomak, they each carried a stone and sunk it at the fatal spot, till at length the pile rose above the water. It has since fallen away by the action of the waves, but even now it may be seen when the surface is perfectly tranquil. A mys-

terious dread still attaches to it, and if the fisherman chance to strike it with his oar, he hurries away as from a place to be avoided."

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After the white man became somewhat established in the land, the Indians themselves were often called by English names. A few places still bear these adopted names of their Indian owners. The most interesting in Westborough is Jackstraw hill.

In his day, Jack Straw was a famous man,—the first Indian baptized in the English colonies, taken to England from Virginia, in "Sir Walter Raleigh's service," proving himself a faithful friend of the white man, always ready to help him by strength or stratagem; but after all, finding that his Indian nature was the strongest part of him, he returned to this country, according to Governor Winthrop, and "turned Indian again." (Winthrop's Journal, I., 52.) Accepting the name he so little deserved, of Jack Straw, after one of "the greatest rebyls that ever was in England," he continued occasionally to serve the English as servant and interpreter, and probably ended his days within the limits of this town.

So much we learn from the histories; from tradition, only that an old Indian named Jackstraw once owned all the

land in the vicinity of the reservoir and No. 5 school-house, and that he had his wigwam on the summit of the hill, more than a quarter of a mile west of the school-house. He was soon forgotten, but Jackstraw hill is his monument; and so it happens that his name is spoken in town every day. His land was granted, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, to the widow of Richard Beers, who fell, bravely defending Deerfield against the savages. This grant of land, described as being "at a place called Jack Straw's Hill," embraced the present town reservoir and District No. 5 school, and farms in that vicinity. (Hist. of Worc. Co., II., 1336.) There were three hundred acres in the farm.

In 1675 a party of eleven Indians attacked the house of Mr. Thomas Eames, of Framingham, he being absent, killed his wife and some of his children, and carried the rest away. In this company there were three — a father and two sons — bearing the name of Jackstraw. They lived in Hopkinton. They were probably son and grandsons of the Westborough Jack Straw. They were tried, convicted, and executed, in spite of the pathetic petition which they addressed to the Court of Assistants, in which they said: "You were pleased (of your own benignity), not for any desert of ours, to give forth your declaration, dated the 19th of June, wherein you were pleased to promise life and liberty unto such of your enemies as did come in and submit themselves to your

mercy, and order, and disposal;" and they further claimed that they took no active part in the massacre.

Sewall, in his Journal, thus makes record of their death: "September 21, 1776, Stephen Goble, of Concord, was executed for the murder of Indians. Three Indians for firing Eames, his house, and murder. The weather was cloudy and rawly cold, though little or no rain. Mr. Mighil prayed; four others sat on the gallows,—two men and two impudent women, one of which, at least, laughed on the gallows, as several testifieth." (Temple's Hist. of Framingham, p. 78.)

This seems to have been the last mention of the Jackstraws in this vicinity. About 1845, a young Indian from Maine came to Hopkinton, and worked for Elbridge G. Rice. He was savage and ugly, and bore the name of Enoch Straw.

In the northern part of Northborough there is a sheet of water, ninety by seventy-five rods, called "Solomon's pond," "from the circumstance," says Peter Whitney, in his "History of Worcester County," published in 1793, "of an Indian of that name being drowned therein, by falling through a raft on which he was fishing." In the early part of this century an Indian's canoe was found sunk in the pond. It was supposed to have belonged to this Solomon.

An Indian has been said to be responsible for the old name of the pretty rounded hill on the left-hand side of the



Northborough road, just before reaching the village. It was called, in deed and grants, "Licor hill," before 1662. In 1836 it was rechristened Mount Assabet. The story about the Indian and his bottle is here given, copied from a small paper published at that time by the boys of Dr. Allen's school.


"There was formerly, at the foot of this hill, a tavern where an Indian stopped. On his return home he passed over the hill, and sat down under a tree to take another refreshing draught, not being able to resist the temptation any longer. When he had drunk until he was entirely disabled from proceeding any farther, his bottle (one of the ancient form, in the shape of an old keg), by some unhappy accident, slipped from his grasp and rolled down the hill. The Indian eyed it wistfully on its rapid course, and, hearing the peculiar sound of the liquor issuing from its mouth, called after it, 'Ay, good, good, good! I hear you, but I can't get at you.'"

There were, as early as this, a few Indians in this vicinity who spoke English, but probably no tavern was built on the "cow commons" of Marlborough. The Indian, doubtless, had brought his bottle farther than the above historian supposes.

Besides these few names, there are no traces of the early Indians, except arrow-heads and spear-points turned up by the farmer's plough, or found on the shore of North pond in Hopkinton, in the fall, when the water is low.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE FIRST SETTLERS.

HE larger part of Westborough was originally a part of Marlborough. In 1717, it, with Northborough, was set off as a separate town. Before that time there had been a small village here, called Chauncy. Northborough was usually spoken of as the "cow commons," or "cattle pasture." So many cattle were sent there from Marlborough for pasturage, that several houses were built solely for the use of the herders, the first house put up within the limits of the town being designed for this purpose.

These first settlers left no separate records, and the mention of them in the Proprietor's and Town Records of Marlborough is meagre. They settled where the land attracted them, built themselves houses, and in times of danger chose some of the most centrally located for special fortification, sometimes even building one particularly adapted to resisting Indian attacks. These were called garrison-houses, and were often the centre of Indian tragedies. There were two such

houses within the present bounds of Westborough, owned by two brothers.

One of them, that of Edmund Rice, was situated on land now owned by Harding Allen. The cellar was filled up some years ago. It was on a knoll on the left-hand side of the road from Westborough to the Lyman school, just before reaching a narrow lane enclosed on each side by a stone-wall. The lot is covered with apple-trees. The cellar was between the second and third apple-trees from the further front corner.

One of the stories that the old people a hundred years ago told to their grandchildren was about Edmund Rice's capture by Graylock, an old Indian living in the forests around Westborough, who occasionally made raids on the settlers. The women during the day were clustered together in the garrison-houses, while the men, with their guns near by, cleared their farms.

Edmund Rice was a young man, fitted by nature and circumstances to be a pioneer in a new country. He was bold and fearless, convinced that, whatever trouble might come upon others, he would live to make for himself a name in the annals of the new town. He would like to see the Indians attempt to capture him! Let Graylock come, — he might get the worst of it!

One morning Rice was swinging his scythe through the

tall grass, with no suspicion of the dusky form creeping stealthily towards him.

With one quick, agile spring, Graylock was between him and his gun. He himself was armed, and all that Rice could do was to take in silence the trail pointed out to him, his captor following with levelled gun.

So they went for some distance, Rice, on the way, picking up a stout stick, upon which he leaned more heavily as they advanced on their journey.

There was but one chance of escape for him, and with his usual boldness and intrepidity he took it. Turning around quickly, when he saw that for a moment Graylock was looking in another direction, he felled him to the ground with his heavy stick. Leaving him dead, he ran back lightly over the fresh trail, and went on with his morning's work.

This was probably before 1704, when the Indians revenged the death of Graylock by killing one of Mr. Rice's sons and capturing two others. This massacre occurred near the garrison-house of his brother, Thomas Rice, which was situated on the Christopher Whitney estate, on Main street, then the "old Connecticut way."

The account of this raid was written by Rev. Peter Whitney, the old Northborough minister and friend of Mr. Parkman. The latter doubtless heard the full particulars of the story from Timothy Rice, one of the boys. He writes: —

“On August 8, 1704, as several persons were busy in spreading flax on a plain about eighty rods from the house of Mr. Thomas Rice (the first settler in Westborough, and several years representative of the town of Marlborough in the General Court), and a number of boys with them, seven, some say ten, Indians suddenly rushed down a wooded hill near by, and knocking the least of the boys on the head (Nahor, about five years old, son of Mr. Edmund Rice, and the first person ever buried in Westborough), they seized two, Asher and Adonijah, — sons of Mr. Thomas Rice, — the oldest about ten, and the other about eight years of age, and two others, Silas and Timothy, sons of Mr. Edmund Rice, above-named, of about nine and seven years of age, and carried them away to Canada.”

In about four years Asher was redeemed. Adonijah married and settled in Canada, while Silas and Timothy mixed with the Indians, had Indian wives and children, and lost all knowledge of the English language. Timothy became one of their chiefs. They called him Oughtsorongoughton. In September, 1740, he returned to Westborough and made a short visit. Mr. Parkman writes: “They viewed the house where Mr. Rice dwelt, and the place from whence the children were captivated, of both which he retained a clear remembrance, as he did likewise of several elderly persons who were then living, though he had forgot our language.”

They then visited Governor Belcher. Timothy, as chief of the Cagnawagas, was quite prominent in the history of the time, and influential in keeping the Indians from joining the English during the Revolution. The Cagnawagas were the principal tribe of the Canadian Six Nations. They "peremptorily refused" to join the king's troops in Boston, saying, that if they are obliged to take up arms on either side, "that they shall take part on the side of their brethren, the English in New England." Both brothers were living in 1790.

This old garrison-house, as appears above, was standing in 1740. When John Robinson succeeded Mr. Parkman in the ministry, he bought this place. Dr. Bond was the next owner; then it was purchased and occupied by John Fayerweather, the father of John A. Fayerweather. John Fayerweather built the present house seventy-two or three years ago. There was at that time on the place a large house, showing many signs of age and the usual heavy timbers. The new house was built partly on the old cellar. This old house may have been the garrison-house, or perhaps it stood on the site of Reuben Boynton's barn, where, seventy years ago, there was a cellar and well.

Daniel Warren, whose name appears among "the first inhabitants of Westborough," lived on the farm, now divided into the three farms of Seleucus Warren, Mrs. Austin Har-

rington, and George F. Harrington. In times of alarm he carried his family to the Thomas Rice garrison. On one such occasion he started with them all, but found he could not reach the place with so many. One little boy had to be left in the woods, concealed as carefully as a father's love and anxiety could devise, while he went with the others to the garrison, and returned for the little one.

Mr. William D. Howells has added another interest to the old place by making it the home of his heroine in "Annie Kilburn," and thus describes it as it now appears: —

"They came up in sight of the old square house, standing back a good distance from the road, with a broad sweep of grass sloping down before it into a little valley, and rising again to the wall fencing the grounds from the street. The wall was overhung there by a company of magnificent elms, which turned and formed one side of the avenue leading to the house. Their tops met and mixed somewhat incongruously with those of the stiff dark maples, which more densely shaded the other side of the lane."

There was another garrison-house within the old limits of Westborough, owned by Samuel Goodenow. It was near here that Mary Goodenow, his daughter, met her death at the hands of the Indians. The "Boston News Letter" of August 25, 1707, mentioned it in this way: "On Monday, the 16th current, thirteen Indians on the frontier surprised

two men at their labors in the meadows at Marlborough, about four miles distant from the body of the town, and took them both alive; and, as they passed out of the town, they took a woman also in their marching off, whom they killed."

Dr. Allen, in writing his "History of Northborough," published in 1826, gives an account of the massacre in these words: "As Mary Goodenow, daughter of Samuel, and Mrs. Mary Fay, wife of Gershom Fay, were gathering herbs in the adjoining meadow, a party of Indians, twenty-four in number, all of whom are said to have been stout warriors, were seen issuing from the woods and making for them. Mrs. Fay succeeded in effecting her escape. She was closely pursued by a party of the enemy, but before they came up, had time to enter the garrison and to fasten the gate of the enclosure. There fortunately happened to be there one man within, the rest of the men belonging to the garrison being in the fields at work. Their savage invaders attempted in vain to break through the enclosure. These heroic defenders, by dint of great exertion, maintained the unequal conflict till a party of friends, alarmed by the report of the muskets, came to the relief, when the enemy betook themselves to flight.

"The other unfortunate young woman, Miss Goodenow, being retarded in her flight by lameness, was seized by her



merciless pursuers, dragged across the brook to the side of the hill a little south of the road, where she was killed and scalped, and where her mangled body was afterwards found and buried, and where her grave is shown at this day.

"On the following day, the enemy were pursued by a company of about thirty men from Marlborough and Lancaster, and overtaken in what is now Sterling, where a hard conflict ensued, in which nine of their number and two of our men were slain. In one of their packs was found the scalp of the unfortunate Miss Goodenow, which was the first intimation that was obtained of her melancholy fate."

Her grave, now marked by stones, and soon to be honored by the town with a monument, was opened a few years ago by Mr. A. B. Howe, in the presence of Rev. Horace Dutton and Rev. H. P. DeForest. Part of the skull and a thigh-bone were found.

Twenty years ago, a writer, the "Count Johannes," thus described her grave, in the New York "News." He says that he had been attracted to the spot by a lithograph seen in one of the Worcester hotels, entitled the "Grave of Mary Goodenow." He writes: "About two hundred feet across a field of furze, moss, and grass, stand, and some six feet apart, two wild pear-trees at the head and foot of a raised stone-covered grave. Between the broken and mossy rocks of the grave, flowers were growing, and among them

the perfuming violet, as if fulfilling the prophetic wish of Shakespeare in regard to the grave of the fair Ophelia,—

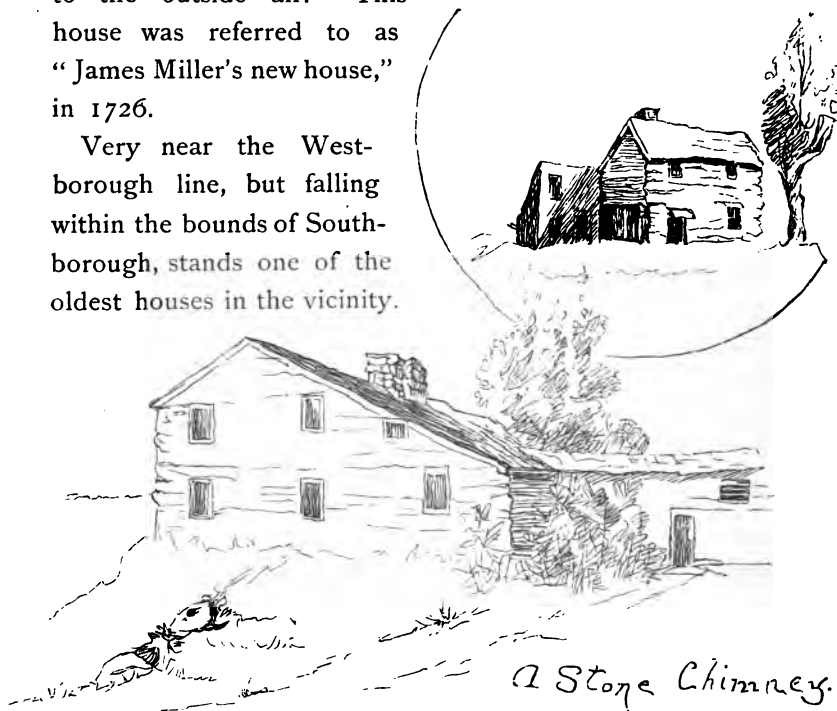
“ ‘Lay her in the earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring.’ ”

Dr. Allen locates the garrison-house on the right-hand side of the road going from the centre of the town on the “great road” to Marlborough, just before crossing Stirrup brook. The house just beyond, on the left-hand side of the road, now owned and occupied by William Bartlett, was standing eighteen years after the massacre, when it was purchased by his ancestor, Ensign Daniel Bartlett. If not the original garrison-house, it was nearly or quite contemporaneous with it; and a well in the front yard, now filled up, was said by Mr. Bartlett’s grandfather to have been the old garrison well. It was when standing by an attic window in the newer part of this old house—the west end—that Ensign Bartlett was fired upon by some Indians, the bullet passing through the window.

Within the limits of Westborough there is no house left of those built by the original proprietors; though the one of James Miller, who was annexed with others to the town in 1728, was burned only three or four years ago. The stone chimney of this house, thirteen feet wide, still stands

on Jackstraw hill, west of the road,—the top having fallen over, and the three large fireplaces opening disconsolately to the outside air. This house was referred to as “James Miller’s new house,” in 1726.

Very near the West-borough line, but falling within the bounds of South-borough, stands one of the oldest houses in the vicinity.



It was built in the typical style of the period, with an immense stone chimney, like that of James Miller’s, containing three flues. There is a room on the right of this

chimney, with a fireplace extending half one side, where the blackened stones can still be seen. Back of this is a long, narrow room used for kitchen, dining-room, and family living-room. These are the only rooms on the lower floor, and upstairs there is the one chamber over the parlor, while over the kitchen is the narrow attic, moderately high nearest the chimney, but shut in on the outer edge by the sloping roof. When originally built, this house, like nearly all, was planned for two families. The third fireplace in the chimney, that on the left of the house, opens out-of-doors, though a temporary door was built to keep out the cold. If more room had been needed, a room like the one on the right would have been added on the left.

A house built in similar style is the one now standing on Main street, owned by George A. Ferguson. This, more than a hundred and twenty-five years ago, had received the usual addition for the married son's accommodation. The chimney is of brick, which was manufactured very early in the young town's history from the "clay lands" in Marlborough, Southborough, and Northborough. This house was built by Moses Brigham, and here he brought his bride Mehetabel. She was a member of the Grout family, and her wooing by young Brigham caused many heart-burnings and wild frenzies of jealousy to the daughter of his step-mother. One evening, when she knew

that he planned to ride over to see Mehetabel, she slipped out to the stable and hamstrung Selim, his favorite horse. Moses Brigham lived here until his death; then his son-in-



law, Jonathan Forbes, took possession of the north end of the house, and the widowed Mehetabel lived in the south end. It remained in the possession of the Forbes family until about twenty years ago. It has the usual curiosities of the carpentry of those days, one of the doors—that

from the sitting-room to the kitchen—having dim heart-shaped panes of glass set in the upper half.

There is now standing in Sudbury, not far from the Wayside Inn, the Walker garrison, built and used for that purpose during King Philip's war. The timbers are very heavy, the outside walls are of planks set up endwise, and fastened to the timbers by large wooden pins. Outside of the planks it is clapboarded. It is probably the only one of its kind within easy access of Westborough, and is one of the very few near by which has attained an age of two hundred years. It is easily reached from Westborough by driving nearly to the Wayside Inn, and taking the last road to the left before reaching the inn. Following the road about a mile we come to two short lanes turning abruptly to the left, and leaving the main road at nearly the same point. A few rods on the second of these lanes brings us to this old red garrison, now owned by Willard Walker, the fourth generation of that family who has lived in the house.

John Belknap was not among the original settlers of Westborough, but came to town soon after its incorporation. He built a log hut near Rocklawn, where he lived alone. Every evening he made a fire around his hut, to keep off the wolves which he heard howling all night. During the day he worked in his field, his gun by his side. One day,

glancing up from his work, he thought the woods seemed nearer to him than usual. He kept on working, but when he looked up a second time they appeared still nearer. Looking closely, he saw that a large company of Indians were coming towards him, each one carrying a small white birch. He had seen them in time to get to the house, and so escaped capture.

Part of the Belknap farm is now owned by Willard Loring. It is just in the corner of the Flanders road as you turn to go to the mill. A hen-house is built over the cellar of his old home.

The name "Flanders," according to a wide-spread tradition, was given to this part of the town from the resemblance of its society to that in old Flanders, usually devastated by war. They quarrelled over rights of way, over property bounds, over personal and family matters; they were brought before the church, prayed over and striven with. The name was in common use more than a hundred years ago.

On this farm John Belknap spent the rest of his days. Here, at the age of eighty, he began his married life with Joanna Kindall, twice widowed, her first husband being Jonathan Forbes, Jr. Neither men nor women in those days believed in "single blessedness," and Joanna had taken to

herself a second husband, before her portion of her first husband's property had been set off.

Among the farms annexed to Westborough in 1728 was that of James Bowman. This farm has been in the possession of his descendants until within a few years. It is the second on the west side of the road leading south from No. 5 school-house. When he first went to the place, it was entirely surrounded by woods. To the south-west lies a high hill, called Vine hill, from the innumerable "dry strawberry" vines (*Potentilla Canadensis*) which covered its sides.

One time, when he was hoeing at the foot of this hill, he heard steps behind him. Turning around he saw a large bear. With the hoe in his hand he ran to the house, and succeeded in reaching it safely. Getting his gun, he came out and shot the bear.

His son inherited the place, and built the house now standing. In 1780 occurred one of the frightful snow-storms which sometimes visited New England in the last century. After the storm was over, the snow was piled up to the second-story windows of this house. In such straits himself, Mr. Bowman remembered his less fortunate neighbors who lived in one-story houses. Calling his boys to put on their rackets, he told them to go over and see if neighbor Tribbet was suffering for anything. Tribbet lived in the



little old house now standing next to No. 5 school-house, on the north side.

It was with much difficulty they found the hut, — a faint line of smoke on the surface of the snow finally revealing the chimney. They called down to him: —

“Anything wanted, Tribbet?”

“No,” came up his answer; “blessed be nothing. Go home and mind your cattle.”

## CHAPTER III.

## OLD ROADS AND TAVERNS.

**B**EFORE the incorporation of Westborough, there were three roads to Boston passing through the territory soon to become the new town.

They all went by the name of Bay path, as did the innumerable trails made by the first settlers from Massachusetts Bay to the inland settlements. In the "Bay Path" J. G. Holland has given a description of the one leading to Springfield, which is equally true of them all. He says it was "a path marked by trees a portion of the distance, and by slight clearings of brush and thicket for the remainder. No stream was bridged, no hill graded, and no marsh drained. . . . It was the one way left open through which the sweet tide of sympathy might flow. Every rod had been prayed over by friends on the journey and friends at home. If every traveller had raised his Ebenezer, as the morning dawned upon his trusting sleep, the monuments would have risen and stood like mile-stones." And writing of it as it was a few years later he says: "The Bay path

had been changed from a simple bridle-path to a worn and frequented highway. Packed horses went and came upon it through all the summer and autumn; land-hunters in merry parties cantered along its shady aisles; emigrants coming from and returning to the Bay, with strange freights of children and household stuffs, and droves of cows and goats, crept along the solitudes which it divided, and lighted nightly their lonely fires."

The oldest of these Bay paths passing through Westborough was the old "Indian trail," called by the first settlers the "Kenecticut path," first trodden by white explorers in 1633, when John Oldham, Samuel Hall, and two others made a trip from the Bay to the river, for the purpose of exploring the country and trading with the natives. The Indians treated them with great hospitality, and they lodged every night in Indian towns. (Winthrop's Journal, I., III.)

Two years later, "about sixty men, women, and little children went by land towards Connecticut, with their cows, horses, and swine, and after a tedious and difficult journey arrived safe there." (Winthrop, I., 171.)

The same year twelve men returned, losing one of their number on the way.

In 1636 Rev. Thomas Hooker, pastor of the church at Newtown, now Cambridge, with most of his congregation,

accompanied by Rev. Samuel Stone, went to Connecticut. Trumbull (I., 55) says: "They had no cover but the heaven, nor any lodgings but those simple nature afforded them. They drove with them one hundred head of cattle, and by the way subsisted on the milk of their cows. Mrs. Hooker was borne through the wilderness upon a horse-litter. The people generally carried their packs, arms, and some utensils. They were nearly a fortnight on the journey."

In 1637 Messrs. Hooker and Stone returned by water, but at the same time a party of twelve or more came, as Winthrop says, "the ordinary way by land."

This path commenced at Watertown, and from there to Framingham it is called a highway as early as 1643. It crossed the Boston & Albany Railroad in Framingham near the Pará Rubber Works, making many turns before reaching the cold spring on the Frankland place in Ashland, from there coming to Westborough. The part in town which can still be followed begins at the barn belonging to Jacob Mortimer on the edge of Hopkinton. For a quarter of a mile or more it is a good cart-path, easily gone over by wagons. Going the length of Mr. Mortimer's farm, most of the way through a wood-lot, it passes north-east of the Lovell Miller place, crosses the road near J. A. Parker's cider-mill, and is lost near Rev. H. W. Fay's. Judging from its course on the old maps, it went over Mt.

Pleasant, and formed one of the two roads entering Hassanamisco a hundred and fifty years ago. It is still spoken of as the "old road to Sutton."

The second of these roads, called in the histories, as is the first, the Nipmuck or old Connecticut road, was probably a branch of the first. It came from Marlborough, following, according to tradition, an Indian trail, over Rock hill. Dr. Allen, in his "History of Northborough," published in 1826, says it crossed east of Great and Little Chaney, and probably it followed nearly the course of Westborough's present Main street, into Grafton. It must have joined the trail from Hopkinton somewhere this side of Grafton, perhaps not far from No. 6 school-house.

Taking the first cart-path leading into the woods on the right-hand side of the south road from Northborough to Marlborough, very near the highest point where the road crosses Rock hill, and following it for about four hundred feet, brings us to its intersection with the old trail from Marlborough. Continuing in nearly the same direction in which we started, the path leads to the railroad; crossing this where there is a deep cut, it goes over Cedar hill (now Frye hill), nearly over Brigham hill (once owned by Winthrop Brigham), across the regular Westborough road near where there is at present a cart-path just north of the Hospital pasture. Here it probably divided, — one part

going down the line of the present road as far as Grafton, while another followed for a little way this cart-path; then went between Great and Little Chauncy, by the Elihu Fay place, now owned by S. W. Rice, by Stephen Maynard's old house, to a rise of ground at the junction of the Assabet and Hop brook, called Hasting's island, about half a mile above the bridge on the Northborough road. This island, so called, was a camping-ground of the Indians when on their fishing excursions.

Near this trail, perhaps directly on it, was the place where all the men, women, and children of the tribes near by congregated for their annual "corn-dance." The exact spot, handed down by tradition from the first settlers, is the corner where three farms come together, — that of the Hospital, and those belonging to G. P. Heath and Anson White. The corn-dance was a great festival among the Indians, and is still kept up by the western tribes. Large quantities of fish and corn were made ready, fires were built, and while the fish was cooking and the corn roasting, the guests danced around the fire to the monotonous music of the "tambo," — a kind of drum thrummed by the natives. The sound thus produced was not unlike the articulation of an Indian, — a continuous "tum, tum."

The third, or "New Connecticut Way," called the "King's Highway," "the old post road," "the stage road," and the

great road, — the latter name still clinging to it, — was partly within the old limits of Westborough, passing from the centre of the town of Marlborough, through Northborough and Shrewsbury, to Worcester. It is said that this road was laid out by the cattle, in their frequent journeys to and from the Northborough pastures; and when Major John Pynchon, in 1683, examined all the country in this vicinity, to find the easiest and best route for a new Connecticut way, he could find none better than that chosen by the instinct of these unreasoning beasts.

Major Pynchon's authority for locating a new highway was an order from the General Court, as follows: —

“Whereas the way to Kornecticut, now used being very hazardous to travellers by reason of one deepe river that is passed fower or five times over, which may be avoided, it is referred to Major Pynchon to order ye said way to be laid out and well-marked. He having hired two injins to guide him in the way for fifty shillings, it is ordered that the Treasurer pay them the same in country pay towards effecting this worke.”

In 1775 this road is called, in one of the almanacs of the day, “the Western toll road.” The following taverns were situated on its way in this vicinity: In Sudbury, Howe's; in Marlborough, Howe's and Williams'; in Northborough, Martin's; and in Shrewsbury, Pease's. Most of them were

famous hostelries in their day. The innkeeper was usually not only one of the most prominent citizens, but most moral, upright, and worthy. Every innkeeper had to be licensed by the Court of Common Pleas, and must bring sufficient testimonials as to his character from the selectmen and others in authority. What was required of a landlord in those early days is shown by the bond of Col. Thomas Howe, who kept a public house in Marlborough in 1696. It requires "that he shall not suffer or have any playing at cards, dice, tally, bowls, nine pins, billiards, or any other unlawful game or games in his said house, or yard, or gardens, or backside, nor shall suffer to remain in his house any person or persons, not being his own family, on Saturday night after dark, or on the Sabbath days, or during the time of God's Public Worship; nor shall he entertain as lodgers in his house any strangers men or women, above the space of forty-eight hours, but such whose names and surnames he shall deliver to one of the selectmen or constable of the town, unless they shall be such as he very well knoweth, and will ensure for his or their forthcoming — nor shall sell any wine to the Indians or negroes, nor suffer any children or servant, or other person to remain in his house, tippling or drinking after nine o'clock in the night — nor shall buy or take to preserve any stolen goods, nor willingly or knowingly harbor in his house, barn, stable, or elsewhere, any rogues, vagabonds, thieves, sturdy



beggars, masterless men and women, or other notorious offenders whatsoever — nor shall any person or persons whatsoever, sell or utter any wine, beer, ale, cider, rum, brandy, or other liquors by defaulting, or by color of his license — nor shall entertain any person or persons to whom he shall be prohibited by law, or by any one of the magistrates of the county, as persons of jolly conversation or given to tippling.”

Nearly all the landlords of these old New England inns had some military title, won in the militia or Revolution.

About a dozen miles from Westborough, in the old town of Sudbury, stands Howe's tavern, which has achieved a more enduring reputation as Longfellow's Wayside Inn. The early history of the place is very incomplete. It is supposed that a small house, containing the present kitchen, was standing in King Philip's war. In 1680 the bar-room was added. It grew gradually to its present size, the last addition being made seventy years ago, when there was a grand dedication ball, Jerusha, “the belle of Sudbury,” — the only daughter of Adam Howe, then proprietor, — serving the wine and the pound-cake which she had made with her own hands.

Should you chance to ask any gentleman who was a young man in Sudbury more than sixty years ago, if he knew Jerusha Howe, his eye would brighten as he answers,

“Oh yes, I knew Jerusha. She was a handsome girl, tall and slim, and bright and smart.” For a long time the little pale-blue satin slippers, with satin ribbon plaited around the edges, which she wore at this ball, were kept



in the house; and all the pretty gowns, so different and so much better than those of most of the country girls, were treasured by her parents. Longfellow speaks of her spinet, — it was the first one owned in Sudbury.

It is supposed that the "Howe tavern of Sudbury" was first opened as a public house in 1700 or 1701, but the landlord's license is dated 1716. In 1746 Col. Ezekiel Howe took his father's place as innkeeper, and put up the sign which gave to it the name of Red Horse tavern. Adam and Lyman Howe were the last two proprietors, and then, in 1860, it was closed to the public, though still owned by a descendant of the Howe family.

The poet and the artist have made familiar to all this "old Hobgoblin Hall," with its gambrel roof, many clustering out-buildings, and hollow, gnarled old oaks. The following description is taken from "The Undiscovered Country," by W. D. Howells: "They approached the storied mansion through a long stretch of pine and sand, by a road which must be lonelier now than it was a hundred years ago. They dismounted under the elm before the vast yellow hostelry, and explored its rambling chambers; they saw Lafayette's room, and Washington's room, the attic for the slaves and common-folk, the quaint ball-room, the bar, the parlor where Longfellow and his friends used to sit before the fire that forever warms the rhyme celebrating the Wayside Inn. They found it not an inn any more, though it appeared, from the assent of the tenant, that they might command an elusive hospitality for the night. The back door opened upon the fading memories

of a garden, and the damp of late rain struck from it into the sad old house."

The tap-room is one of the most interesting in the house, with its quaint bar and portcullis raised and lowered at will, and made so that even when closed, drinks could be passed beneath it. The thick oak flooring in this room was worn through, and within a few years has been replaced. In one corner of the room is a steep flight of stairs leading into a chamber, where were five beds for the especial accommodation of drovers. The only two rooms which were let to one individual at a time are those now called the Lafayette chambers, because once the great general spent a night in them. The walls of these rooms are covered with the oldest style of wall-paper in the country, — "the blue-bell pattern." It is stamped by hand on small squares. The floor was polished oak, decorated with blue and brown flowers.

There are few relics of the olden days to be seen in the house. The gorgeous arms still remain as in the time when Longfellow wrote: —

"In the parlor full in view  
His coat of arms, well framed and glazed,  
Upon the wall in colors blazed.  
He beareth gules upon his shield,  
A chevron argent in the field

With three wolves' heads, and for the crest  
A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
Upon a helmet barred; below  
The scroll reads, 'By the name of Howe.'

The small panes of glass on which young Molineux left his autograph have been removed from the windows and framed. The lines, in scraggly writing, are as follows: —

"What do you think?  
Here is good drink, —  
Perhaps you may not know it;  
If not in haste, do stop and taste,  
You merry folks, we'll show it.

"WM. MOLINEUX, Jr., Esq.

"*24th June, 1774, Boston.*"

He was a son of William Molineux, who walked beside the kings' troops in Boston to save them from the insults of the towns-people. Major Molineux has been immortalized by Hawthorne, in the sketch bearing his name, printed with the "Snow Image, and other Twice-told Tales."

Up in the attic is the bunk built against the wall where Porter, usually called Port, the dwarf slave, used to sleep. The only means of reaching this is up a steep ladder. Porter was among the last slaves owned in Massachusetts. He was a timid little fellow, often hiding under the low

shelf in the hall-way when strangers were present. When the law was made abolishing slavery in the State, Colonel Ezekiel Howe, then landlord, told Port he was free. "No, no, Massa," he answered; "you have had the meat, and now you may have the bones."

The Howes were stanch Tories, and during the Revolution three British soldiers were hidden for some days in the cellar. The house was suspected and watched, but they escaped by climbing up the chimney and down the roof on the back. The tavern was very popular with the soldiers on both sides; its reputation for good liquor was equally well known by Patriot and Tory. Every one knew Aunt Margie Carter, the famous cook at the inn during the Revolution. She was a single lady, smart and capable, a true New England girl, and fully equal to taking the whole charge when Mrs. Howe had gone to cook for the soldiers stationed in the barracks farther down the road. She knew when to bar the door against guests who threatened to be too unruly, and was not easily frightened by the violent quarrelling, that sometimes went on under the old roof. She carried her own little tin cup in her pocket, and never lost an opportunity of slipping down to the "rum cellar" to fill it.

The Howes owned two "full sets" of pewter (one dozen of each kind of article forming a set), — platters, plates, and

porringers, large and small. The cups in daily use were of earthen-ware, very tiny, scarcely holding two large spoonfuls. For very special guests, the solid silver cup, which was brought over from England by the first Howe, was set upon the table. In later days, when Lyman Howe was proprietor, twice a year the pewter was scoured and put back on the dresser in the kitchen, while the silver and china cups were kept in the parlor cupboard.

At the Wayside Inn, Capt. Timothy Bigelow, of Worcester, rested his troops on the way to Lexington, April 19, 1775, when the news had just come that the war had begun.

The house probably owes its good fortune in surviving the Indian wars to the fact that the Indians were always friendly to the Howes. These old innkeepers seem to have been remarkably politic, and had the rare faculty of conciliating all parties. Many little presents found their way to the Indians. Among the most acceptable were the gorgeous feathers from the peacocks that strutted and screamed on the lawn in front.

It is only a fancy of the poet that a party consisting of Longfellow and his friends: the student, Henry Wales, of Boston; the Sicilian, Professor Luigi Monti, of Boston; the musician, Ole Bull, of Norway; the theologian, Professor Treadwell; and the poet, Thomas William Parsons,—

"From the far-off noisy town  
Had to the Wayside Inn come down  
To rest beneath its old oak trees."

Many of them, perhaps all, at some time or other, visited the place with which their names are to be always associated. Parsons some years later published a volume of poems called "The Shadow of Obelisk," containing two poems on the Wayside Inn, which would be of little interest had not the greater poet rendered valuable everything connected with the old house. One of these is called "Guy Fawkes' Day at the Old House in Sudbury," and has a bit of pretty description of the old dance-hall, in these words: —

"But the scutcheon is faded that hangs on the wall;  
And the hearth looks forlorn in the desolate hall;  
And the floor that has bent with the minuet's tread,  
It is like a church pavement, — the dancers are dead."

The other poem is called "The Old House in Sudbury, Twenty Years After," and was written after it had ceased to be an inn.

"Never to his father's hostel  
Comes a kinsman or a guest;  
Midnight calls for no more candles;  
House and landlord both have rest."

Passing along the Connecticut road towards Worcester,



the next stopping-place was "The Howe Tavern of Marlborough," called "The Black Horse." A few miles farther along, the coaches drew up at Williams', just opposite Williams' Pond. There is still a tavern on the old location, as there has been since the days of Abraham Williams, two hundred years ago; but the present building was erected in 1822. The Duke de la Rochefoucault stopped here, and has left the following tribute to the kindness of Captain Williams' family, which gives a pleasant picture of the home qualities of New England inns in the early part of this century. He writes:—

"Although excessively ill, I was sensible of my dreadful situation, being thus laid on a bed of sickness among people who had never seen me before; and this idea threw me into great agitation of mind, which bordered on despair. But, fortunately, the family at whose house I had stopped were the best people in the world. Both men and women took as much care of me, as if I had been their own child. . . . I must repeat it once more, that I cannot bestow too much praise on the kindness of this excellent people. Being a stranger, utterly unacquainted with them, sick, and appearing in the garb of mediocrity bordering on indigence, I possessed not the least claim on the hospitality of this respectable family, but such as their own kindness and humanity could suggest; and yet, during the five days

I continued in their house, they neglected their own business to nurse me with the tenderest care and with unwearied solicitude. They heightened still more the generosity of their conduct by making up their account in a manner so extremely reasonable, that three times the amount would not have been too much for the trouble I had caused them."

In 1789 Washington made a triumphal tour through New England. He passed down the great road. "In every place through which he passed, the inhabitants, of all ranks, ages, and conditions, testified their joy at the opportunity to behold the political savior of their country." He came in his own carriage, his equipage being described by one of the spectators as follows: —

"1. A gentleman in uniform on a beautiful dapple-gray horse.

"2. Next, two aids on dapple-gray horses, in uniform.

"3. Bay horses with two negro boys as riders, the horses attached to a travelling-carriage, in which sat General Washington.

"4. Behind was the baggage-wagon, with two bay horses, containing the baggage." (*Reminiscences of Worcester, Wall, p. 242.*)

He reached Worcester, October 23, 1789, breakfasted there, then went on by the house of General Ward, still standing,

a short distance beyond Pease tavern. He had superseded General Ward as commander-in-chief, and the old general did not go to his door or look out as the President went by. On Sandy hill, — the first hill after crossing Stirrup brook, in Northborough, just beyond the house of William Bartlett, — Captain Rice's company of horse, well mounted and uniformed, were waiting to escort him to Marlborough. They took him to Williams' tavern, where he dined.

The last road associated with old coaching days is the turnpike, built in 1806 by the Worcester Turnpike Association. Four stages ran daily between Worcester and Roxbury; the fare was two dollars. The coaches were sometimes crowded, — twelve persons being inside, and five or six on top. They rushed up and down the hills, the horses often wild and ugly, and reckless as the men. This road was laid out in a straight line, up hill and down, as was the way of turnpikes, — a characteristic which perhaps they owe to the indomitable will of their founder, Levi Pease. It happened in Westborough to go by the door of the old Forbush tavern, now standing, where it joins Lyman street. It gave a new impetus to the old inn, which was much lessened when Mr. Wesson opened the large tavern at Wessonville, now owned and occupied by the Lyman school.

In 1812 the soldiers enlisted for the war stayed for a while in Lambert Forbush's barn, — Lambert Forbush at that time

keeping the Forbush tavern. When the roll was called, one morning, three men — all from Hopkinton — were missing. One of them — Ollan Barrett, the grandson of Mr. Parkman's old friend, Mr. Barrett, the minister — had dug out under the sills of the barn, and escaped to the swamp. Here he hid himself in the hollow trunk of a prostrate cedar, into which he backed, and then filled up the open end. He was recaptured, as were the other two, named Bixby, and sent to Fort Warren. All managed to escape again, Barrett returning to his home in Hopkinton, where he was hidden in the attic for a week; while one of the Bixbys — Lovett — was again recaptured, and sentenced to be shot. By crossing a river at "the seat of war," so tempestuous that it had not been thought necessary to guard it, he escaped to the Indians, where he married the chieftain's daughter. She was loaded down with gold and ornaments, which her reckless husband succeeded in obtaining from her, and then made his escape to his own kindred.

The soldiers, while stationed at the old tavern, amused themselves by fishing for Barker Forbush's geese, — he lived in a house by the pond, — and succeeded in capturing one old gander with their fish-hook and bait of corn. The owner went to the barracks, but no one knew aught of the missing goose. The soldiers marched away to more serious work, over the newly built turnpike.


Mr. Wesson kept this old tavern for five years before building the one now known by his name.

For a few years Wessonville rivalled the centre of the town; stores were opened there, a thread factory started, houses built, the old parsonage was demolished to make way for a new house, — all was life and stir. But in 1834 the railroad was put through; the days of coaching were over, and Wessonville was no longer the busy centre it had been.

It was at Wesson's tavern where Lafayette stopped for dinner, when he went, in 1825, to the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument. About forty men and boys from Westborough were gathered around the door to see the great man go in. He is remembered by one of the boys who saw him as a very large man, slightly lame, and carrying a silver-headed cane. He responded simply and politely to the eager welcomes of the people.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE MINISTER'S FAMILY.

N the first quarter of the last century there was erected on the hill where now stands the Lyman school a goodly house for the Westborough minister. Ebenezer Parkman was a young man, fresh from Harvard, married a few months before to Mary Champney, of Boston. They were both from good families, and had been brought up amidst many comforts and luxuries. They were to be not only the directors of the spiritual and moral growth of the people, but their social head. Their house was not for themselves alone, there all were to be made welcome, — not quite as equals, to be sure, but they were to be treated with a dignity so mingled with gentleness and kindness that they did not notice the slight condescension which the “clerk” and “madam,” his wife, unconsciously felt.

The parsonage stood where the farm-house connected with the Lyman school now stands. When it was torn down, in 1830, most of the cellar-wall was rebuilt; but in some parts the old wall was used. The timbers from the house were thrown in the yard, where they lay until some of them were used in repairing the shed by Mr. William White, who bought

the place, in 1833. By going under the shed at the farther end of the barnyard, these timbers may be seen and recognized by their large size, their material, which is white oak, the way they are mortised together, and the holes where they were formerly fastened by wooden pins.

For a hundred years this house, with its heavy oak beams and solid carpentry, provided comfortable shelter to its owners. It was built in the prevalent style of the times, but larger and grander than most outside of the large towns.

It was a two-story house, with two large stone chimneys, and a lean-to sloping down to one story in the rear. On the front were nine windows, with small diamonds of glass set in leaden sashes. The door-step was a large flat stone. Entering the hall, the dignity of the place impressed the visitor as he saw the heavy block stairs turning with several landings, like those of a modern Queen Anne cottage, and the oak-rail six inches in diameter, cut out by hands in the Old Country into clumsy flutings. On either side was a door leading into the parlor and living-room, and beyond the stairs a long narrow entry led to the "meal-room" in the "linter." From the room on the left of the hall there was a door opening into a small entry, from which one door led out-of-doors, another into the kitchen, where the immense fireplace and large brick ovens took the whole of one side of the room. There were no blinds or shutters, and probably paper cur-

tains were all the protection they had from the sun. The finish was oak, the walls wainscoted, and covered above with a thick, dark paper brought from England. Upstairs the arrangement of rooms was similar to those below, only over the small side hall was the minister's study, where he wrote his sermons, kept his "diurna," and meditated on the uncertainties of life and the proneness of human nature to depravity and sin.

A little north-west of the house was the first church, situated in this lonely place for the convenience of its members coming from both ends of Westborough, the two ends afterwards separating into two towns, one keeping the old name, and the other becoming Northborough.

Packed away among the few stately gowns of Madam Parkman, the strong household linen, the black robe which the minister was to wear in the pulpit, and the few printed books which in those days formed a library, were two small manuscript volumes.

One of these was a little book, which, after the manner of those early college students, young Parkman had filled with rhymes and stories of more or less merit, written by himself at Harvard, and ornamented by specimens of fancy penmanship and sketches of birds, flowers, and scrolls. This book is now in possession of Mrs. Nahum Fisher.

On one page is written, "Ebenezer Parkman, his book, 1717," — the year that Westborough was incorporated.



One verse is addressed to his father: —

“I am but young in Art and Cannot Show  
Such lines as I unto your Goodness owe,  
Yet please to Smile upon this small endeavor  
I'll strive to Mend and be obedient ever.”

Another, illustrated by a pen-and-ink drawing of a grotesque peacock, probably often came to his mind as he heard his own gorgeous birds shrieking on the grass plats around the parsonage: —

“The curious colour'd Birds give us to See  
They borrow not their beauteous bravery  
But Man is proud of what is not his own  
Tho' to his Shame his borrow'd Pride be known.”

Another showed more skill, and, judging from the title, was more favorably regarded by the author than most in the book. It is called “Treason against King George Wittily Turned.”

“I love with all my heart The Tory Party here  
The Hanoverian part Most hateful doth appear  
And for that settlement I ever have denied  
My Conscience gives Consent To be on James's Side  
Most righteous is ye Cause To fight for such a thing  
To fight for George's laws Will England's ruin bring  
It is my mind and heart In this opinion I  
Tho none will take my part Resolve to live and Dye.”

Mr. Parkman was a good follower of King George.

The second volume, three and one-half by six inches, is inscribed: —

*Ben: Parkman's*  
*Book.*  
1723.

DIURNA  
OR  
An Account  
OF  
The Remarkable  
TRANSACTIONS  
OF  
Every Day

No. 7.

being a continuation of a Design form'd  
in the year 1719-20. Feb'y 19.

Prov. 14. 8.

Ps. 90. 12.

In this book he jotted down, in a microscopic hand, the small events of every-day life, thus saving for us many interesting details of himself and others.

He begins the new year of 1724 with the purchase of a bear-skin muff, and the gift of a peacock and peahen from one of his lady parishioners.

In connection with his house he owned a large farm, on which he spends his own spare moments, advising and assisting his hired man, Robert Henry. He paid Robert £23 a year.

In times of special work, when the corn was to be hoed or crops got in, he hired some of the many Indians, who used to come over from the "praying-town" of Hassanamisco (now Grafton), to work for small pay. There were both men and women, — sometimes a man and his wife, — and they would stay several days, and find some place in the parsonage or barn to spend the nights. July 18, 1726, he says, "This morn Joshua Misco & his Squa hoed my corn." Joshua Misco (according to the General Court Records, vol. 12) was, in 1725, one of the thirty-two Indian proprietors of Hassanamisco; in 1728 he was one of the eight who signed the deed conveying the town to the white purchasers.

Mr. Parkman owned a mare, which he rode when visiting his parishioners, and let at a reasonable rate to his less fortunate neighbors.

In the house Silence Bartlett was "help," and received as wages £8 a year. As one after another a new baby was added to the household cares, her hands and those of her successor, Hannah Puddison, were too full, and Mr. Parkman decided to spend part of his salary in purchasing a slave "boy," whose work was to lie wholly in the house and in personal attendance on the family. He bought one of his father's servants, and thus writes in his diary: "Aug. 8, 1728, I entered into obligation to my father for the boy (Negro) Barrow—my father gave me 5£ I. p'd. him 3£—and gave a promissory note to pay 66£—the whole making 74£, which was the price of him;" and the next day: "I rode to Cambridge. Barrow alias Maro running on foot."

But Maro's life at the parsonage was destined to be short, and a year later Mr. Parkman writes, under date of December 5, 1729, after mentioning the various afflictions which he was then undergoing: "But especially Maro at Point of Death." And again, December 6: "Dark as it has been with us, it became much Darker about y<sup>e</sup> Sun Setting. The Sun of MARO'S life Sat. The first Death in my family! God, enable me to see thy Sovereign mind and comport with his holy Will. As my servant is summoned to go before, so God only knows whether his Master is not shortly to follow after, and so y<sup>e</sup> former to prove as a Harbinger to the latter."

Sometimes he records a gift from his parishioners, as on May 3, 1724, when, in making his pastoral calls, he says he "called at several places and at Mr. Josiah Newtons. These last gave me a pair of shoes for myself and a pair for my lad."

Presents of food were not at all unusual, — a "handsome cheese" being the most common expression of good-will. In 1778, he says, "At eve came Mr. Elisha Forbes & his wife to visit us, and brought an extraordinary present, 31 pounds of Meat, Beef, and Pork & a Cheese of 12 pounds, and supped with us. Mr. Forbes also offered that I would take one of y<sup>e</sup> Boston Newspapers, he w<sup>d</sup> pay for a year. May God reward his Benevolence & Generosity!"

Just a year later, to a day, December 4, 1779, he writes: "Breck returns from Boston . . . He brings me a present from my son Sam'l a valuable silk handkerchief of fifty Dollars price, much wanted."

In another manuscript volume left by Mr. Parkman, and rarely written in, except on his birthdays, he has a list of special mercies, drawn up April 15, 1729. This he calls "Divine Benignity in Providence."

A few of them, with the numbers he affixed to them, are as follows: —

"12. The Distinguishing Honours and Gracious Presence of God at my ordination Oct. 28 in ye same year 1724."

" 17. My wife's Restoration and Recovery from her great pains and illness July 1726 under ye care of Rev. Mr. Barrett & Mrs. Whitcomb. This is to be remembered as a special appearance of God for us."

" 21. Still greater and more remarkable Salvation in the GREAT EARTHQUAKE and I would more special notice be taken of it because I would lay those Threatenings of Divine Providence with the awakening of his word publicly delivered ye day before: which compleating the third year since gathering our church and my own ordination I preached on Luk. 13. 7." This text is, "Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

" 26. I would put into this account the Fav<sup>r</sup> of my *Library* so much larger than in my circumstances I might have expected it to be. Tho' I would humbly wait for the Divine Goodness in further additions to it still; but beg for Grace to improve it to the Glory of God."

" 27. I would reckon also the comfort pour'd in from my *Farm*."

" 31. Aug. 18, 1729. The goodness of God was manifested to me and to my little dauter Mary in seeing her when she had sadly wandered away and lost in y<sup>e</sup> swamp and directing a young man David Maynard jr. to her Deliverance."

In the same volume is recorded a "special resolution."

"To Return or pay for the books I have sometime ago borrowed and negligently and unjustly retained for some years from ye owners ytf: at those times purposing to buy ym, but to this Day have omitted it, by which I have involved myself in the Guilt of Unrighteousness."

After nearly twelve years of married life, Mrs. Parkman died, leaving five small children, Mary, the eldest, being but eleven.

Notwithstanding his sincere grief for his wife, Mr. Parkman realized that his children needed a mother, his parish a minister's wife, and we find him in a little more than a year writing in his journal: —

"February 17, 1737.

"N.B. Ye Discovery of my Inclinations to Capt. Sharp and to M<sup>m</sup>. by Y<sup>r</sup> urgent persuasion I tarry<sup>d</sup> and lodg'd there — N.B. Mrs. Susanna Sharp."

A few weeks later he again "takes notice" of Mistress Susanna as follows: —

"March 3. I proceeded to Capt. Sharp's, by Capt. Sharp's strong Solicitations I tarried all night. N.B. Mrs. Susan not very willing to think of going so far into the Country as Westb., &c. &c. &c."

But the loss of his first wife is freshly brought to his mind a few days later, by his sister Lydia, who is going to West-

borough with him, and tells him that she shall carry with her "some other colour'd cloth y<sup>n</sup> her black," and suggests, as he writes: —

"March 5 our putting off our Mourning, it (by Degrees) moved me very much and my passions flow'd almost beyond control — till I was obliged to retire away. — Every matter was most exceeding sorrowf. to me."

Reaching the conclusion soon after, that arguments or entreaties would have no avail with Susanna Sharp, he turns his horse's head toward Marlborough, where he seems previously to have had many conversations with Mistress Hannah Breck, daughter of his old friend, the Rev. Robert. He writes: —

"March 19, 1736/7. A.M. to Dr. Gott's, but a short space with Mrs. Hannah. At my request she had (she assured me) burnt my letters, poems &c.

"March 25. I spent the afternoon at Dr. Gott's. . . . Mr. Hovey there with a Bass Viol N.B. Mrs. H——h B——k at ye Drs. Still. Our Convers<sup>n</sup> of a piece w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>t</sup> it used to be. I mark her admirable Conduct her Prudence & wisdom, her good manners and her distinguishing Respectfulness to me which accompany her Denials.

"April. 1. At Eve I was at Dr. Gott's. Mrs. H——h was thought to be gone up to Mr. Week's or Capt. Williams with Design to lodge there, but she returned to ye Doct<sup>r</sup>. and she



gave me her Company till it was very late. Her conversation was very friendly and with divers Expressions of Singular and peculiar Regard. Memord<sup>m</sup>. Oscul. : But she cannot yield to being a step-mother. — I lodg'd there and with gr't satisfaction and composure."

Unfortunately, some pages of the Journal are lost, and we only know that, in the September following, Mistress Hannah had become a step-mother to the five Parkman children. She had eleven children, four of them being born in the old parsonage, the rest in the new. She outlived Mr. Parkman, and was honored and loved by his people. With all his affection for her, he never forgot the wife of his early days. Jan. 29, 1779, he writes: "This day is memorable for ye sorrows I was plunged into in ye year 36 (43 years since) w<sup>n</sup> ye Partner of my Joys and Divider and Sharer of my Griefs was taken away. I remember still ye wormwood and ye Gall — my soul is yet humbled within me. May G. grant me true and thorow Humiliation!"

The new parsonage, where Mr. Parkman spent the last half of his life, is the house standing just beyond the High-street school-house. This was built in 1748, on the place where the late Dr. Curtis' house stands, on the corner of East Main and High streets. It has been very much altered and modernized since then. Mr. Parkman bought a large farm adjoining the new church-lands on one side, and stretching

on both sides of the road down East Main street. He built a small, low house for his farmer, which still stands, shaded by lilac bushes, and overtopped by a disproportionately high elm. It is nearly opposite the house of Rev. E. W. Clark.

Mr. Parkman, in 1779, speaks of a man's coming to his farm with "Lelock Trees," — perhaps the ancestors of those still clustering around the old farm-house.

From this parsonage the little Mary of his Journal was married to Rev. Eli Forbes. A list of the articles in her wedding outfit is still preserved in her father's handwriting. It is written on loose sheets of paper, pinned together with an old hand-made pin, its round head formed of a tight coil of the wire. It is as follows: —

" To

My Dauter Molly, Sundrys viz: —

½ Doz. A-back black Chairs . . . .	4. 10. 0
½ Doz. Table back colourd Do. . . .	9. 0. 0
1 Black arm chair & ½ Doz. plain 3 back . . .	4. 17.
1 Feather Bed new Tick . . . .	40. 0. 0
1 Feather Bed &c pidgeon Feathers <sup>12</sup> } and ye Tick new home spun }	15. 12. 0
2 Bedsteads and Beds and Lines. . . .	
2 pair Bed Blanketts . . . .	15. 6. 0
1 Bed Quilt, partly old — part New . . .	
1 Coverlid { Without the spinning . . . .	12. 0. 0
{ Ditto meaner . . . .	10. 0. 0

Three pair of sheets — 2 of cotton 1 of tow	26.	0.	0
and pillow cases	3.	4.	0
$\frac{1}{2}$ Doz large London Plates M. C.	6.	0.	0
4 Dishes	6.	0.	0
2 Brass Skillets, old	1.	10.	0
1 Iron pot	1.	15.	0
1 Iron kettle	1.	12.	0
Ironing box and heater	1.	0.	0
Gridiron		16.	0
Frying pans	2.	0.	0
1 Spit and winch	2.	0.	0
1 Dripping Pan		16.	0
1 oval Table	5.	0.	0
1 Kitchen Table	1.	10.	0
A Chest with one Drawer	1.	10.	0
1 Large Looking glass	20.	0.	0
Kneeding Trough	1.	5.	0
Washing Tubb	0.	16.	0
2 Pails	0.	12.	0
1 Beer Tunnell	0.	10.	0
1 Lignum Vitae Mortar	1.	0.	0
2 Wooden Trays	0.	18.	
1 Great Wheel	1.	10.	0
1 Foot Wheel	2.	0.	0
	<hr/>		
	200.	9.	0

From Mr. Baton.	old Ten <sup>r</sup> .
1 pair chamber Tongs . . . . .	1. 1.
1 Do. Fire shovels . . . . .	1. 0. 0
1 Kitchen Fire Slice (?) . . . . .	1. 16. 0
1 pair Kitchen Tongs . . . . .	1.
1 pair large Andirons . . . . .	7. 4. 0
1 Chaffing Dish . . . . .	2. 0. 0
12 Skewers . . . . .	0. 12. 0
	<hr/>
	14. 13. 0

From Cambridge. Mr. Champneys.	Sept. 30
1 Sett of Chaina Tea Dishes } & Saucers }	2. 5. 0
Two Small Bowls . . . . .	6. 0
1 Glass Cream pott . . . . .	0. 7. 0
2 Wine Glasses . . . . .	0. 7. 0
2 Pint Bowls . . . . .	0. 10. 0
1 Quart Bowl . . . . .	0. 9. 0
2 Beekers . . . . .	0. 7. 0
1 Mustard pott . . . . .	0. 4. 0
1 Fan . . . . .	0. 15. 0
1 Butter Boat . . . . .	0. 4. 0
6 Earthen plates . . . . .	2. 0. 0
	<hr/>
	7. 14. 0

From Roxbury. Mrs. Stoddard's.	Sept. 30
12½ yds ¾ Garlix @ 17s . . . . .	£8. 10. 0
11 yds of Bed Tick @ 18s . . . . .	9. 18. 0
1 Table Cloth 3 yds @ 28s. . . . .	4. 4. 0
4 yds Red Quality @ 15d . . . . .	0. 5. 0

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 22. 17. 0

At Newtown. Mrs. Comorins.	Aug. 1
To a silver Ribband	
To 1 Grater. 1 Tin dipper	

At Waltham. Mr. Goodly.	Aug. 1
1 pair of White Calam <sup>co</sup> Shooes . . . . .	2. 5. 0
½ lawn @ 6s . . . . .	15. 0

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 £3. 0. 0

To Molly at ye Tinmans in Boston as appears } by Br <sup>r</sup> Saml 1 adt. in old Ten <sup>r</sup>	100. 0. 0
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At Mr. Sergeants at Loiwster } for chest of Drawers & Table }	28. 0. 0
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To Molly out of ye House brot over

To 2 pairs of Cotton and Linnen Sheets (worn)

To 7½ yds Garlix @ 14s . . . . .	5. 5. 0
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Memord. Deliv<sup>d</sup> to my Dauter Molly P. West-

boro May 1749 on the way going to Boston .	£38. 4. 0
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Cash deliv <sup>d</sup> to Dauter Molly } at another time (acc. to my Remembr <sup>ce</sup> }	12. 0. 0
--	----------

At another time. N.B. It was a piece of Gold  
 borrowed of Esq Baker. . . . . 8. 5. 0  
 Cash p'd for Molly to her Br<sup>r</sup> Eben . . . . . 4. 10. 0 "

This does not include any of Molly's dresses. The whole amounts to a little more than four hundred and forty-four pounds.

One of the younger children, Anna Sophia, was born in this new parsonage, 1755. She married Elijah Brigham, afterwards Judge Brigham, one of Westborough's most prominent citizens, and a well-known member of Congress. She, as well as some of her brothers and sisters, kept a journal, which is still in existence, and throws light on the daily life of a minister's daughter a hundred years ago.

It begins: —

" November 1777

" 20th. 'Tis Thanksgiving Day. I do not go to meeting. Dr. Stiles preaches. I hear very finely indeed. Susa poorly tarry at home with me. At evening I receive a letter from Sister Cushing which I am very glad of as I have received no letter from her since Brother Cushing was here. Also Doctor Hawes come to spend the evening with us."

Dr. Hawes at this time was thirty-eight years old, in the height of his professional and political career.

" 22<sup>d</sup>. Dr. Stiles Set out his journey to Portsmouth this

morning. Am making shirt for James Hicks — write a letter to Sister Cushing and send by Stephen Maynard. Do sundry things. p.m. Alter a cloke for Nabby Wood. Master Nathaniel Fosdic here on his way to Boston — 'tis warm weather. . . .

“We wash. I do sundries in the Kitchen. Rev. Mr. Sherman of Connecticut here and dined and Lodged here. p.m. I sew on Jemmy's shirt. Breck is papering the old shop.”

This “old shop” was the first store in Westborough, and now is a dwelling-house, on the east side of South street, — long, low, and luxuriantly surrounded by flowers. It is owned by Patrick Cronican. At the time this journal was written, it was used as a store and dwelling-house by her brother Breck, who, a few months previously, had been married to Susanna Brigham, the “Susa” of the journal. She is remembered as a stately, gracious lady, who was always kind and generous to those needing her help or sympathy.

“November 1777. 26. I do a variety of things. Father visits Mr. Stone of Southboro'. Mother at Capt. Maynard's finds them sick with the measles p.m. I iron Crosby cleans the Garretts Mrs. Brigham from Northborough here to see Susa I drink Tea at the Shop.

“27<sup>th</sup>. Crosby leaves us for good and all goes with John Harrington to Boston. I am Busy about many things.

Mother visits Mrs. Baker and Carries home a Shirt I have been making for her and did agree with Mrs. Baker for 12<sup>lbs</sup>. Flax. I spin Thread. Mrs. Lamson here and spend the evening. . . .

"December. 1. We wash. Miss Eunice Jones here to make some cloth for James Hicks. Mrs. Brigham here. Breck went away to Hartford in the evening. I ironed at the shop. 'tis *very cold* weather. . . .

"Dec. 5. After Breakfast Mr. Bradshaw Presented me with a Book Containing Twenty of D<sup>r</sup>. Eliot's Sermons, for which I am very thankful.

"Thurs. 11. . . . My mother informs me that in my absence Brother Moore had been here and brought me a Black Satten Cloke that was my Sisters, also an under Petticoat and some of Sukey's knit Lace for a tucker. . . . "

This sister had lately died.

"15. I wash 'tis very cold weather p.m. Master Sam<sup>l</sup> Brigham here drink Tea and spend the evening here. Brought me a letter from Mr. Elijah Brigham at Dartmouth college, occasioned by the Death of my Sister Hannah. I spend the Evening Knitting upon a pair of Stocken for myself."

This Mr. Elijah Brigham was afterwards Judge Brigham, and a few years after this was written, Miss Anna Sophia became his wife.



"Wed. 24. I knit at the Shop. . . . p.m. Breck returned from Boston. I drink tea at the shop with my Brother and Sister Also Dr. Hawes there Spend the evening at home knitting still on my own stockens. . . .

"Dec. 31. I card Wool for Molly to spin and knit some. Mother is knitting Gloves for Patty Miller — 'tis Extrem cold weather — very good sleighing. . . .

"Jan'y 20. I spin p.m. go to Singing School at evening Mr. E. B. (Elijah Brigham) here and spend the evening he is just come home from College.

"21. I spin. Mr. B. goes away p.m. go to school. . . .

"25. I go to meeting at evening Mr. B. here spend evening.

"30. I sew in the forenoon — p.m. go to school Mr. E. B. at school came home with me and spend the evening here

"31. I go to School all day. Mr. B goes away in the morning. I gave him my Singing Book to Pric some tunes into it, while I was gone to School.

"Feb'y 8, 1778 I go to meeting. Set in the gallery with the Singers. Mr. Badcock and Mr. Bradshaw here after meeting and Sing in the Evening.

"9. I am very poorly Mollie washed. I go in the sleigh to School. At evening Mr. Bradshaw here to Lodge. I rec'd a letter from Mr. Brigham.

" 11. I spin p.m. this day Mr. Badcock finish his school and we settled with him. My part of School expenses is 18/10."

The first mention of this singing-school was January 12, and nearly every day since then she has attended it a part or the whole of the day. Mr. Badcock, the teacher, was from Wrentham, the place where Dr. Hawes formerly lived.

" 14. We scour our pewter.

" 16. . . . Mr. B. here. spent the evening. gives an invitation to take a ride to Concord in company with Master Holland. Mrs. Hancock of Northboro'.

" 17. Mr. B and Mr. Holland came in the morning with the sleigh. I go with them to Northboro', add Mrs. Hancock to the company. then go on our way to Concord, dine at Loreing Tavern, arrive at Bro<sup>r</sup>. Samuel at Sun sett, find that brother and sister is gone to Newbury. Mr. & Mrs. H. goes to Bilrickca. Mr. B. visit Mr. Kellogg I visit Dr. Minot's lady. spend p.m with Sam<sup>l</sup>. with Mr. B and evening.

" 20. We sett out on our way to Northboro', Breck being Joind to our Company. We dine at Sawing Tavern at Marlboro' drink coffee at Briggs, arrive at Westboro' at 7 o'clock find Miss Patty Fish here. Mr. B. goes away to Capt. Edmund Brigham's with the sleigh, does not spend the

evening here. I am much fatigued. . . . 26. Susa and I comb flax all day. 'tis very rainy dull weather.

" April 23. I am bucking yarn for Elias' shirts.

" 24. Bucking yet.

" 27. Wash p. m. go to Northboro' to get Elias' shirts wove, to the hospital to see Winslow Brigham, Billy Spring and several others that have the small Pox. Stop at Coll. Brigham's. Mr. Brigham was my company home. Spend the evening in company.

" 29. I spin thread to make me a pair of gloves. . . .

" May 31. I spend the forenoon mending worsted mitts. . . .

" June 19. I help Sister Cushing get her quilt to the frame. . . .

" June 24. Sister Cushing and I set out in a chaise for Boston. Breck is our company 'tis a nightly eclipse of the sun — We dine at Reeves Tavern in Sudbury — ride from there to Cambridge, and then to Boston. Arrived at Brother Sam<sup>n</sup> 6 o'clock. . . .

" June 27. We ride up to Coll. Howe of Marlboro Breakfast. Arrive home about noon."

This was probably at Col. Cyprian Howe's, who kept the "Howe tavern" of Marlborough, on the Boston road. Later it has been known as the Morse-Wilson place. There are now no buildings on the place. The Sawin tavern, where she

stopped a few months before, was kept by Munning Sawin, and at that time there was a bacchanalian ballad with, says the Marlborough historian, "the inspiring chorus —

" ' Uncle Cyp makes the flip,  
And Munning makes the toddy, O ! ' "

The journal ends abruptly, the last entry being July 6, 1778.

" I sew p.m. Mr. Maynard tarrys all night. I spend an hour in company with him."

Not long after this Mr. Parkman writes in his journal: —

" April 19, 1779. Rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Elijah Brigham, A.B., respectg *Sophy*."

Just a year later, one April afternoon, Colonel Brigham came over from Northborough "upon an important errand in behalf of his son Elijah, with regard to Sophy," and Mr. Parkman adds, "w<sup>e</sup> I gave my consent to."

Sept. 21, 1780, they were married. Only the day before the wedding Mr. Parkman was surprised by Mr. Brigham's asking him "whether it would suit me to have the marriage of my Dauter to him to be to-morrow. I asked him where he intended to live? He reply'd, 'Here, if I sh'd like it.' I ans. that I was willing to do w<sup>t</sup> was in my power for him. He acquaint<sup>d</sup> me with his desire to wait on Squire Baker & his Lady with his Invitat<sup>ns</sup>. to ye Wedding also y<sup>e</sup> two eldest

Dauters. To w<sup>e</sup> I consented. My Daut<sup>r</sup> Cushing rode to Capt. Maynard's to invite him and his Wife."

The next day, notwithstanding Mrs. Parkman's illness, which prevented her being present at her daughter's marriage, the wedding came off.

"To God be praise and Glory!" writes Mr. Parkman.

Three years later her brother Ebenezer thus records Sophy's death in his journal: —

"Nov. 26, 1783, Dear Sister Brigham departed this life in Full hopes of a glorious Resurrection to eternal Life! Alas!"

Occasionally Mr. Parkman indulged in some little "frolick," as he terms his jaunts into neighboring towns. One of these was immediately after receiving his call to become the pastor here, and is thus described in his journal: —

"Jany 8, 1724." (He was staying at Mr. Swift's, the minister, in Framingham.) "We supped very plentifully and for a Rarity had a Pea-Hen roasted. I lodged here with Mr. Tileston and Mr. Thom. Bar<sup>t</sup>."

"Jan'y 9. In ye morning, Mr. Swift obliged me to pray and to return thanks after Breakfast. . . . Between 11 and 1 o'clock we sat out from Mr. Swift's for Hopkinton. We stopped at ye Tavern (Mayn<sup>rd</sup>.) where y<sup>r</sup> was a great number of Hopk. People and at Mr. Jones we stopped also.

Coll. How was in the company, and with great ceremony congratulated me. We rode together on the Journey to Hopk. and he gave me to understand that he had been at West. to his son Agar's where he was informed how things was carried on.

"10. In ye Morning I was appointed to go back to Mr. Hows upon Mr. Cushing's Horse to bring Mrs. Greaves in company with Mr. Bar<sup>t</sup> and Mrs., old Mr. How and his wife. We dined at Mr. Whood's upon roast Goose, *roast Pea-hen*, Bak'd Stuff'd Venison, Beef, Pork &c. After dinner we smok'd a pipe. Read Gov. Shute's Memorial to the King."

He often went over to Marlborough to see his good friend, Rev. Mr. Breck, and on one such occasion — February 21, 1727 — he writes: —

"In ye morning, Mr. Jon. How came and invited us to a fish dinner, accordingly we all went into his house & dined with him on Haddock. Here his brother Hezekiah of West-boro' happened very luckily, whom I improved to carry home my fish and some necessaries."

This fish was one he had bought to carry home to his wife, from Mr. How, who had just returned laden from Boston.

Sometimes Mr. Parkman saddled his mare, and went over to Hopkinton to visit his old friend, Mr. Barrett, — the first minister of the young church there. How he regarded the

little Church of England and its pastor, the Rev. Roger Price, we do not know, nor what stories of Lord Frankland's life reached his ears. But once at least his pony galloped



Frankland House

up the Frankland avenue, for he writes in his journal, under the date of April 9, 1759: "I proceeded to Sir Harry Frankland's seat, kept now by Mr. Jaques Joseph Villiers de Rohan marié *avec* Mdle. Frances de Turenne. He gave me such slips, branches, cions & seeds as I desired & lent me Du Moulin's book of the accomplishment of ye prophe-

sies or Third Book of ye Defense of ye Catholique Faith. I borrowed it for ye sake of a trial with my Mr. Blanc, for it being French I presume not to read much of it."

The story of Frankland and Agnes has been told to a large audience by the poet, the historian, and the novelist; to one much smaller, but not less appreciative, by the good old colored women, who, in the happiest period of their lives, formed part of Sir Harry's family; and by the last of his old servants, who loved to recount to the wondering children on their knees the glories of feast, or hunt, or revel in which they bore a humble part. They have long since passed away. The children, the few who still are spared, have numbered their fourscore years.

In the "Worcester Magazine," published in 1843, is an article entitled "A Legend of New England," by William Lincoln. This was one of the first accounts of Frankland's New England life. Not many years afterwards Oliver Wendell Holmes published his poem entitled "Agnes." The following extract is his description of the place as it then appeared: —

"With blackening wall and mossy roof,  
With stained and warping floor,  
A stately mansion stands aloof,  
And bars its haughty door.



*THE HUNDREDTH TOWN.*

"This lowlier portal may be tried,  
That breaks the gable wall;  
And lo! with arches opening wide,  
Sir Harry Frankland's hall.

"'Twas in the second George's day  
They sought the forest-shade;  
The knotted trunks they cleared away,  
The massive beams they laid.

"They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall;  
They smoothed the terraced ground;  
They reared the marble pillared wall,  
That fenced the mansion round.

"Far stretched beyond the village bound  
The master's broad domain;  
With page and valet, horse and hound,  
He kept a goodly train.

. . . . .

"I tell you as my tale began  
The hall is standing still;  
And you, kind listener, maid or man,  
May see it, if you will.

"The box is glistening huge and green;  
Like trees the lilacs grow;  
Three elms high arching still are seen,  
And one lies prone below.

"The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,  
Flap on the latticed wall;  
And o'er the mossy ridge-pole towers  
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

"Thus Agnes won her noble name,  
Her lawless lover's hand;  
The lowly maiden so became  
A lady in the land."

In 1860 Rev. Elias Nason published a monograph on Frankland, which has given us the most reliable historical account of the house.

Within a few years, E. L. Bynner has greatly increased the interest which already centred on this colonial homestead by his charming story of "Agnes Surriage."

Mrs. H. B. Stowe has, under the name of the Dench House, made the Frankland House the scene of a large and important part of "Oldtown Folks."

Sir Charles Henry Frankland—the son of the Governor of the East India Company's factory in Bengal, and a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell—was born in India, May 16, 1716. He became collector of the port of Boston in 1741. He is best known by the romantic story of his love for Agnes Surriage, a beautiful young servant-girl whom he first saw at the inn in Marblehead. She lived with him for a time in Boston, but finding public opinion too strong for

them, they removed in 1751 to Hopkinton, where he bought a farm of four hundred and eighty-two acres. This is on the old road from Ashland to Hopkinton, and is best reached from Westborough by driving to Ashland Centre. Mr. Nason has described the location of the place as follows: —

“The tract lies along the southern and western slope of a noble eminence called in the Nipmuck tongue ‘Magunco,’ or the ‘place of great trees,’ where the celebrated John Eliot had in earlier times an Indian church. On an eligible and commanding site upon the south-western inclination of this Indian hill the baronet erected a commodious manor-house; reduced about one hundred and thirty acres of his land to tillage; planted an extensive orchard; built a costly barn one hundred and thirty feet in length and surmounted by a cupola; a granary, which was set upon elaborately wrought freestone pillars; and houses for his servants, which were equal to those of many of the farmers in the neighborhood. Having a taste for horticulture, he introduced a great variety of the choicest fruit, such as apples, pears, plums, peaches of excellent quality, apricots and quinces from England; and having an eye for beauty, he set out elms and other ornamental trees upon his grounds, and embellished his walks and garden with the box, the lilac, hawthorn, and the rose; some portion of the shrubbery still blooms as beautifully as when George II. sat upon the throne.

"The mansion was large and strongly built. It stood at some distance from the main road, and was approached by a noble avenue cut through the chestnut forest and by a flower-garden tastefully arranged in front. The spacious hall, sustained by fluted columns, was hung with tapestry richly ornamented with dark figures, on a ground of deepest green, according to the fashion of the times. The chimney-pieces were of Italian marble, and cornices of stucco-work and other costly finishing embellished the parlor, ante-rooms, and chambers.

"The grounds immediately around the house were formed into terraces by the hands of slaves, and the waters from the living springs above clothed them in liveliest verdure."

Here Frankland and Agnes lived for three years, entertaining the *élite* of Boston, astonishing the young people of the neighborhood by their gorgeous equipage, and defying the opinion of the good old New England women, who would have said, like Aunt Lois: "I never had much opinion of Sir Harry Frankland or Lady Frankland either. I don't think such goings-on ought to be countenanced in society." While in Hopkinton, they attended Rev. Mr. Price's church, in the centre of the town.

They kept from twelve to sixteen slaves, — among them, Jacinta, Bacchus, Hannah, the favorite Robert, — called Daddy Bobby, — Cato, and Dinah, of whom more hereafter.

One of the special appointments of the house was a large, well-constructed wine-cellar, and the story is well authenticated of Sir Harry's wine-glass having a double wall, so that he always kept sober, while his guests, with their larger glasses, were intoxicated.

When Sir Harry left Hopkinton, Agnes went with him, and after her heroic rescue of him from the ruins of Lisbon, at the time of the earthquake, she was married to him.

In 1763 they returned to Hopkinton, and spent about a year on their farm. This was his last visit there. Five years later he died. After his death, Lady Frankland made her home there, with her sister and her sister's children, until 1775, when, alarmed at the movements of the people, she asked permission to go to Boston. This was granted her by the Committee of Safety, and also liberty to take with her "six trunks, one chest, three beds and bedding for the same, six sheep, two pigs, one small keg of pickled tongues, some hay, three bags of corn, and such other goods as she should think proper to carry thither." She was arrested on the way, notwithstanding this permit, and held until released by an order of the Provincial Court, who furnished her with an escort and allowed her to take "seven trunks, all her beds and bedding, all her boxes and crates, a basket of chickens, two barrels and a hamper, two horses and chaises, a phaeton, some ham and veal, and sundry

small bundles." The "arms and ammunition" which had been put in one of the chaises were detained by the committee. Soon after reaching Boston, she went to England, where she died, about a year after her marriage to Mr. John Drew, a banker. She was buried in the tomb of the Drew family, with this epitaph:—

DAME AGNES FRANKLAND  
RELICT OF  
SIR CHARLES HENRY FRANKLAND, BART,  
AND LATE WIFE OF  
JOHN DREW  
DIED APRIL 23, 1783  
AGED 55 YEARS.

"Virtue, not rolling Suns, the mind matures.  
That life is long which answers life's great end,  
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;  
The man of wisdom is the man of years."

The Hopkinton farm passed out of the hands of the Surriage family in 1703, when it was sold for nine hundred and fifty dollars to Dr. Timothy Shepard. In 1857 it was purchased by Rev. Elias Nason. The commodious

barn had already disappeared, being blown down in the famous hurricane of 1815. Soon after Mr. Nason purchased the house it was entirely destroyed by fire. He immediately rebuilt it on the old foundations as nearly as possible like the original. Now the only things left as they were in the days of Agnes are the stone walls, the terraces, the wrought sandstone of the granary, the box and Persian lilacs, the snowball, buckthorn, pear and apple trees, and three of the seven elms which were on the west side of the avenue.

The last years of Mr. Parkman's life were overclouded. He had preached to the same congregation for nearly sixty years, not only twice a day on the Sabbath, and once on lecture days, but very often at his parishioners' houses, at their own request. No wonder he writes, after a morning spent in his study in 1778: "Am engaged in Sermonizing somewhat; but, oh, my Leanness!"

There were those among his flock ready to criticise and find fault. December, 1778, he preaches a private sermon at Mr. Levi Warren's, and adds to his account of it: "N. B. Mr. Daniel Hardy was at Mr. Warrin's before y<sup>e</sup> exercises began, and manifested his Disgust at my Sermon on y<sup>e</sup> late Thanksg<sup>g</sup>. He found fault at my saying so much about singing ye praises of G. I replied that it was ye very Business

of ye Day — the present Truth — y<sup>t</sup> if he was dissatisfied w<sup>th</sup> it he had need ask himself whether it was not y<sup>t</sup> he himself was *out of tune*."

His financial matters were in an unfortunate condition; the town even complained of the size of his family, some thinking eighteen too many for them to support. He finds it hard to get hired help. His wife with her own hands kills the geese and fowls for market; "for it appears necessary to make some money of w<sup>t</sup> we raise, that we may be able to purchase what is wanting in other respects." She helped, as well as her daughters, in other ways. In 1799 he writes: "N.B. Thad. Warrin & Step. Maynard cutt up part of ye wood-pile to-day to pay Mrs. Parkman for knitting for ye latter of y<sup>m</sup>. Y<sup>y</sup> dind. Y<sup>y</sup> workd till evening."

At the same time he is sending his son Elias to Harvard College, and his heart is bound up in this son's success. Many little household economies are practised that Elias may have money for his quarter's bills and good homespun clothing made by the farmer's wives around. One time he, speaking of his return to Cambridge, November 7, 1778, adds: "I gave him 14 Doll<sup>rs</sup>. my newest shoes — a variety of Cloathing — half a large Cheese, &c. &c. May God incline his Heart to Religion and Learning." And in 1780: "N.B. Breck to Boston: gave him 126 Dollars towards an Hatt for Elias."



Mr. Parkman's own health, never very strong, gradually gave way more and more. In 1779 he writes: "For several days, I have drooped, and have but low appetite, esp. at dining. I am become thinner, but Ps. 73. 26."

There is something pathetic in the picture he leaves of his last years, yet not sad; for the message he had for so many years brought to others had sunk deep into his own heart. He had no fears, except of his own worthiness. Death to him was a welcome opening into the life beyond.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE TOWN PHYSICIAN.

**I**N the early days of the settlement of the town the physician's place was never first. In sickness and health the minister was most important. There were very many in those days who did not "believe in doctors," and preferred to let nature, unassisted, establish a cure; or, if that were impossible, with the prayers of the pastor and of the deacons, accept the sentence imposed upon them. Mr. Parkman writes of his own severe illness in 1729, "I was under the care of Rev. Mr. Barret and Dr. Robie." Two years before this he had made a record of one of his pastoral calls as follows: "Jan'y 17, 1727, Mr. Holloway sent his Lad for me for his child. I rode over and found it but alive, I prayed for it and ye child chang'd and expired while I continued to Instruct, Exhort and Suggest." A little later the officers of the church divided the town into districts, and chose their most faithful religious men to visit the sick and to pray with them. In 1726 Mr. Parkman sent for Dr. Matthews for little

Mary, showing that at that early date, at least one physician was in practice here; and Dr. Ball, the famous old Northborough doctor, thirty years afterwards numbered many Westborough people among his patients and friends.

The doctor was more one of them than the minister. He was not necessarily a very learned man; his library was small, if indeed he had any. He was obliged to eke out his slender fees in many ways, — by farming, trading, or any good honest work which best suited his taste.

If, on the other hand, the practice of medicine was simply a means of eking out a small income, the practitioner having no knowledge or conscience in his profession, the punishment was speedy and severe. In the General Court Records for 1630/1 we find the following account of justice done to one of these quacks: "Nicholas Knopp is fyned £V for takeing upon him to cure the scurvey by a water of noe worth nor value which he solde att a very deare rate, to be imprisoned till hee pay his ffine or give securitye for it or els to be whipped and shall be lyable to any man's accon of whom hee hath receaved money for s<sup>d</sup> water." (Gen. Ct. Rec., Vol. I., p. 82.)

When a new settlement was formed, it was customary to set aside a tract of land for the use and allurement of the minister, the miller, the blacksmith, and the school-master; but rarely, if ever, was any such inducement held out to the physician.

In case of illness, the neighbors were first summoned, and the stores of medicinal dried herbs, tied in bunches and put away against the time of need, were brought out. When these failed to give relief, the doctor was called. He galloped up to the door, with his medicines in his saddle-bags, and his stock of surgical instruments either in the same convenient receptacle, or in his small black pocket-case. There was one he never went without, and rarely failed to use,—this was the lancet; and he usually noted down in his memorandum-book, “Visit and venesection,” sometimes expressing the same idea more pleasantly by the phrase “Visit and attendance.”

It was not until 1764 that a young physician came here to settle, who was destined to have a large influence in town. In a few carefully written note-books he has left us a slight history of his own professional and legal life, and of the art of medicine as practised in this town a hundred years ago.

He bought a tract of land on what is now East Main street, with the buildings thereon. It contained ten acres, and he paid eighty pounds lawful money for it. It was bounded on the north by the land of Captain Samuel Forbush and by common land, on the west by a beaver dam, south by a ditch, and other ways by highways. His house is still standing, on the corner of East Main and Lyman

streets, with no important alterations except those he made himself. It was a wooden building, painted red; since then it has received a coat of plaster. It had been occupied by the famous Tom Cook, of whom more hereafter, and bore, and still bears, on the parlor floor, the marks of Tom's axe. As first purchased by Dr. Hawes, it con-



sisted of four rooms below, and good chambers on the second floor. There was the parlor, a small square chamber opening out of it (now the front hall); on the other side of the parlor was the hall, opening into the kitchen and the doctor's office, part of the latter forming a projection on the west side of the house. This room now is smaller than in his day, and is used as a passageway to the wood-house beyond.

In this room was the tall chest of narrow drawers, each one marked like those of a modern drug-store, the narrow-seated, stiff office-chair, the small scales for weighing out medicine, the iron mortar and pestle for their proper preparation, the few medical books, including the one he had laboriously copied out himself from a rare printed copy, and possibly his records as Justice of the Peace.

He was born in 1739, being, therefore, twenty-five when he left his practice already established in Wrentham and settled here.

Dr. Hawes is described by a gentleman over ninety as being rather tall, plain-looking, with his hair standing up straight from his forehead. He was the most prominent citizen of Westborough during many years. As a farmer, physician, and lawyer, he led a busy life. As Justice of the Peace, all the small law matters came before him. He was no less active in politics; for many years was Town Clerk; during the Revolution was an active home-worker, holding, unflinchingly, the very unpopular position of constable for both districts, doing in that line alone the work of two men. After the men returned from the war, it is said they were drawn up in line on the common, and Dr. Hawes shook hands with each one.

For many years he was deacon of the Congregational

church. He was one of the original founders of the Baptist church, which for some time met in his son's parlor, in the farther end of his house. He gave them land in his garden, on the corner of East Main and Lyman streets, for the erection of a church building. Here the first Baptist church was built, and the old stone step still marks the site.

He lived here nearly fifty years, all the time in the same house. He died, with his "honors thick upon him," in 1821.

One of his memorandum-books is bound in parchment, with a brass clasp. Although his commercial and legal pursuits were so closely connected with his medical life that it was not possible to entirely separate the accounts, yet this small volume is almost wholly devoted to his professional visits, the medicines he furnished, and the charges for both.

One of the earliest is in 1773, where there is a long bill made out to Benjamin Tanter. Among other items are these: —

"To Rum, Sugar, Brandy, Tee, molasses and Sundry medicines and attendance	£5. 14 3
April & May 1777. To medicine & attendance in small-pox,	£3. 0. 0
July 28. To Samp, Beens, Rice, Basket, Molasses & Rasons	0. 4. 6"

On the opposite page is "Counter," as follows: —

" March 1772.	Received 8 vials . . . . .	o. 1. 2
	Received 20 w. of cheese . . . . .	o. 12. 3
April 1774.	By 6 barrels of Cyder . . . . .	o. 16. 0
	" Tee and veal . . . . .	o. 3. 9
June 1773.	" carting 13 gallons of wine . . . . .	o. 1. 0
March 1776.	" " wine to Hartford . . . . .	o. 8. 2
June 1777.	" house rent for inoculating, &c. . . . .	8. 14. 0"

Following the custom of the time, he seems to have kept a stock of groceries and other commodities, which he dispensed to his patients at the regular rates. Many of his bills read something like the one made out to Mr. Isaac Ruggles in 1795. This is: —

" January.	To 49 lb. of beef at 12½ lb. . . . .	o. 14. 3½
1795.	To cloves ¾ ij. Delivered to Sanford . . . . .	o. 2. 4
May.	To a calico bag . . . . .	o. 2. 0
Oct. 27.	To Elix. Propriet. ¾ i . . . . .	o. 0. 7
1796 Nov.	To 12 bushels of Potatoes . . . . .	o. 18. 0
June 1799.	" extracting a Dentis . . . . .	o. 0. 9
January 1800	" visit and medicine . . . . .	o. 2. 3
1801	" Harvey's indenture . . . . .	o. 2. 5
Sept. 25	Mr. Ruggles account . . . . .	2. 2. 7"

His usual price for "extracting a Dentis" (the word he



always used for tooth) was sixpence. After 1800, when most of his accounts are kept in dollars and cents, it was twelve and one-half cents.

He opened his house freely to strangers in town, gave them probably as good accommodation as they would have had at the tavern, and charged something as follows: —

"To John Wesson of Brookfield Dr.,			
March 12, 1793.	To 2 glasses of brandy	.	o. o. 9
	" a supper	.	o. 1. 2
13.	" a Logging	.	o. o. 6
	" a glass of Brandy	.	o. 4½
<hr/>			
			3. 1½"

His bills were often paid by barter, — by butter, hay, "taller," cider, spinning, etc. Among the things furnished his patients we find many like the following: —

"Oct. 4. 1776. To 2 quarts of Rum. o.1.2. Sept. 1773 To 2 Gall<sup>ns</sup> of Rum. o.4.2. Nov. 19. 1789. To a razor o.1.o. March 1779 To 2 barrels. o.4.o. Oct 21. 1778 To puden pan o.o.8. April 1777. To a half pint bottle o.o.6. 1783. To an old pair of saddle-bags o.1.6. A pigg. 6s. 1777. a cord of wood — o.6.o. Andirons. 6s. 1 doz. buttons 10d. 1787. To Jacket & Briches o.4.6."

He often let his horse, and from his account-book, and

one belonging to his son, James Hawes, Jr., we get the ordinary rates of horse-hire in those days.

"Dec. 10. 1766 (from an old account of Elijah		
Warren's)	for my hors to ride three miles	3 d. 1 qr.
Oct. 10. 1791.	To my Shays to Boston 30 miles	6 s
1792.	To my horse to Sutton 12 "	0.2.0
June 10. 1809.	To my horse to Hopkinton &	
	Worcester . . . . .	.71 cts.
June 10. 1809.	To my horse to Hopkinton 6	
	miles . . . . .	.17 "
1810. June 12.	" " " to Worcester 11	
	miles . . . . .	.50
1812.	To my horse to Grafton 6 miles	.38
" Feb'y 7.	" " sley " Holliston 11 miles	.25
In 1810.	Mr. Asaph Warren charged for his horse	
	to Boston .	\$1.17
	to Hopkinton .	.50
	'Hors wagon to Lynn' .	1.35
	Horse & sleigh to Henniker N.H. .	4.70 "

Dr. Hawes sold to his patients all the drugs of which they had need, and paid a fair price for the bottles and vials which were returned to him.

The last part of his life the son of old Dr. Stephen Ball, of Northborough, had commenced practice, and opened the

drug-store which supplied not only the town, but many physicians in neighboring towns, Dr. Hawes among the number. The house in which he lived, now occupied by his daughters, is on Main street, in Northborough, near the corner of School street. In the parlor is a fine oil-painting of the old physician, with his round, full face, genial smile, and ruffled shirt-front.

Every one that remembers Dr. Ball can still see him jolting around in his yellow-topped gig, drawn by the "Parmenter mare," with her head, back, and tail all in a line, the star on her forehead bobbing slowly up and down, and her short tail and hind leg making spasmodic attempts to brush off the flies. The doctor sat in the gig, a short, stout man, with a very short neck, wearing in winter a fur hat, much larger at the top than at the bottom, including even the inch-wide brim, and in summer a plain straw, painted drab. Even in those late days, when the canvas-covered gig had superseded the saddle, he still carried his medicines in his saddle-bags, and it was a common remark that any one passing Dr. Ball in the dark could recognize him by the odor of drugs exhaled from the old gig.

He was a quiet man, never very merry, sorrowful, or angry, with a gentle, "softly" way with his patients. Whatever the trouble, his programme on visiting the sick was usually the same: first he bled the arm, then gave a

severe emetic, followed by doses of calomel and jalap. One of his favorite prescriptions for easing pain he called "fly-away" pills, and gave them with the gentle joke, "But I guess you won't fly away to-night." His family own a book in which he wrote down prescriptions which were recommended to him by other physicians. He calls this his "Resipee Book." Among others is a "Receipt to the Scratches. *R.* one qrt fishworms washed clean, one pound hog's lard stewed together, filtered through a strainer & add half pint oil turpentine, half pint good brandy simmer it well & is fit for use."

It was said whenever Dr. Ball called on a patient, he drew a chair up to the table, which in a few minutes was covered with cups and tumblers, dried herbs and powders, and bits of paper with carefully written directions for steeping and properly preparing the various drugs. We can appreciate this better, if we turn over the leaves of this old book and read one of his famous recipes. It is called —

*"UNGUENTUM POLYCHRES.*

*"R* Green Tobacco, Henbane, chamomile. Cheese Mal-  
lows, Bitter sweet Root, Melilot, Yellow Pond Lily Root,  
Night Shade, Hearts-ease, Dock leaves, Plantin Leaves,  
Saint John's Wort Mouse Ear Garlicke Comfrey Leaves  
Buds of Walnut Old David's Weed Garden Scurvey Grass

Burdock; Elder Heat all Catnip. Carpenter Weed Marsh Mallows both sorts, Chelindine Fenney wort yarrow low balm Gout Root Leaves.

"Fresh butter hogs lard añ equal quantities pipermin't."

One day one of his patients said to him, "What is the need of so many different things, doctor?"

"Well," said the doctor, in his mild way, "if you are going to shoot a bird, you use plenty of shot. Some of these things will be pretty sure to hit the case."

"Tell the old doctor," said a young physician just moved into town, "that now-a-days we don't use shot-guns. We use rifles."

His directions to his patients were usually given in about the same formula, and have a suggestion of constant use of the gun, as well as plenty of shot. He would say: "Take a little of this ere and a little of that air, put it in a jug before the fire, stir it up with your little finger, and take it when you are warm, hot, cold, or feverish."

Dr. Ball left among his papers an article on the power of the imagination, which is here given, copied from his manuscript. The house at which he dined was then occupied by Mr. Amasa Maynard, a gentleman much given to practical jokes. The house is in Westborough, standing then on Fisher street, nearly opposite the creamery. It was called the "Oak house," because it was built entirely of oak.

It has since been moved, and is now the second house beyond No. 7 school-house.

*"IMAGINATION."*

"In an early part of my Practice I was called into a neighboring Town to Visit a Patient. It being about the middle of the day, the old gentleman of the house invited me to stop and dine with him. While at dinner, he says, 'I don't know as you like my dinner.' Why yes said I, I doe like it very well. I guess said he you don't know what you are eating. Why yes said I, I doe, it is some new corned beefe. Ah said the old gentleman (he being over 60 yrs. old) it is horse beefe. I replied I don't believe it. It is said he. I declare it is some of my old Mare. I was not much acquainted with him at that time. I looked at him supposing him to be a joking, but could not discover a mustle of his face to change or alter. I had just taken another piece on my plate and a mouthful of the second slice in my mouth, and in fact it was horse meat sure enough. I could taste it as plain as my olfactory nerves would discover the sent of an old horse. The more I chewed it, the more disagreeable it tasted. I continued taking a little sauce in my mouth. I could swallow, but the meat as the negro said was no go. I at last gave a swallow as I doe with a dose of Physick. I thought I should have thrown the whole contents of my

stomach up at the table. I afterwards tasted a little sauce, but took care not to put any more meat in my mouth, and kept time with the family, and glad was I when dinner was over. It being cold weather the old gentleman turned to the fire and went to smoking and telling stories. At last the gentleman said, 'I tell you what it is, I wont leave you in the dark about your dinner. I told you we had horse-meat for dinner, and so it was for I swapped her away for a steere, and that was some of the beefe.' I have ever since been glad the incident occurred, for I never should have known how far imagination would carry me, had it not been for the Joke the old Gentleman put upon me.

"Not long after this I attended a Patient a yong man about 18 or 19 years old, in another town, sick with the scarlet-fever and throat distemper (*Scarlatina Anginosa*). I revisited him on Sunday morning. I told him he was better, his disorder had turned, he was doing well. I saw nothing butt that he might recover soon. I had business further along, and on my return, about sunset, I called again and beheld the family and neighbors ware standing around in a large room, seeing the patient die. I spoke to his mother, and asked her what was the matter. O said she Joel is worse. I then turned to my Pupil and sayes what can this mean. He said I dont know. I am shure he sayes he was doing well when we ware here in the morning. I then

turned again to his mother and asked her what had taken place. O, she said, Joel has been growing worse ever since you left in the morning, she said the Minister called soon after I left, and he said he might live till night, but could not probably live till tomorrow morning, and she thought it her duty to let her son know the near approach of death. I went to the bed-side and I verily thought him to be a dieing. he had a deathly pult (*subtus tendinum*) spasmodick affection of the face and jaws, indeede the whole system was generally convulsed. I thought of the horse-beefe. I sayes to him Joel, I guess I can give you something that will help you. I perceived he had his senses, but I beleave he could not speak. I immediately prepared him a cordial, and with much difficulty he swallowed a verry little. I walked the room. I saw his eye followed me. I went to him again, got a little more medicine down, felt his pulse, told him he was doing a little better, his medicine was doing him good. I told him I guessed he would doe by and by I left him again, but took care he did not catch my eye again. I paid attention to him in this way for some hours, untill he was really better. the next morning he was much better.

“He has told me since I can’t tell how many times, he certainly should have died that night, if I had not called as I did. He is now living in the state of New York, and is nearly 70 years old.”



This would fix the date of both incidents not far from 1792.

"A report got out that I said I would as lief see the d——l about my Patients as a Minister, which was entirely untrue. I never said so. I always like to have the clergy visit my Patients, although I have heard them ask some questions I was sorry to hear.

"I have been in the practice of Physick in my native town about 50 years. I stood alone nearly 40 years, except in some instances, others have come in and stoped a few months and then were off. I am now in active practice in the county of Worcester, Massachusetts, 74.

"February, 1842."

Among the many directions left by the physician, there was none more general or imperative than that in cases of fever no cold water should be allowed.

There was a man, Joseph Carruth, in Northborough, living as hired man on the place now owned by S. I. Rice. He was very ill with typhoid fever. The doctor, doubtless Dr. Ball or his father, forbade the friends yielding to his desire for a drink from a certain spring on the farm. He did, after a while, compromise a little by allowing him a few swallows, previously warmed by dropping a red-hot coal in the cup; but the man wanted it cold.

He grew worse, and, when at last all hope of his recovery

was gone, his friends decided to make his last hours as happy and comfortable as possible, and, taking a pitcher, one of them went to the spring.

They gathered around the bedside, to see him die, and put the pitcher to his lips. He drained it to the bottom.


The next day, when the doctor called, he found his patient on the road to recovery.

Since that day, the spring has been called for him, "Jo spring."

This spring is in a meadow beyond Mr. Rice's house; it empties into a natural stone basin, and for a hundred and forty-five years has not been known to be dry.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LEGAL PRACTICES.

N 1782 Mr. Parkman felt that he was living in "very degenerate times." There was to his mind an "evident Increase of Vice and Wickedness" and "a sorrowful Decay of Religion." The fear of the Indians, which a couple of generations before had knit the people together, and awakened interest in and sympathy for each other, had given place to a feeling of safety and security. They became less dependent on each other, more prone to quarrels, assaults, suicide, and even to murder.

The lawyer's hands were full with petty, criminal cases, adjustments of property bounds, and agreements of one sort and another between individuals, especially between parents and children.

People at a comparatively early age became old. Their days of active work were less in number than ours are now, though perhaps they accomplished more in the shorter time. The son, when his parents were fifty or a little over, took the farm and house, and gave a bond to support the

"old people," whose place henceforth was on the other side of the large chimney.

Church members were by no means exempt from the almost universal sins of the times. They received their sentence at court, like others, and then were brought before the church, the matter was thoroughly investigated anew, a confession was demanded, and when given, the offending member was restored to the "charity" which each one felt it might be his turn next to request.

There were many cases of swearing, and this often among the most respected citizens. Such records as these, made in 1783 and 1784, are common:—

	£.	s.	d.
"A fine paid by Benj. Warren for uttering Two profane Oaths . . . . .		0.	5. 0"
"A fine paid by Joseph Rice, Jr. of North- borough for uttering three profane oaths and Two profane Curses . . . . .		0.	8. 0"
"A fine paid by William Nus in Westborough for uttering two Profane Curses . . . . .		0.	6. 0"

One profane oath was usually fined four shillings.

"Breach of the Sabbath" was another fault beginning to creep in, and threatening to do away with the Christian Sabbath of their grandparents. When one of the wealthy

young men "did unnecessarily ride a bout the Town of Westborough" on the Sabbath day, "at the time that the people were assembling to the meeting-house," he was promptly brought before the justice, and, after receiving due admonition for the evil example he had set others "by producing dissepation of manners and Immoralities of Life," he was sentenced to pay ten shillings, "in behalf of the Commonwealth and for the use of the Commonwealth."

"Steeling," assaults, "sculing [skulking] about the town," defamation of character, were every-day matters in even this small community, composed almost entirely of people of English descent. Greater crimes were not infrequent, but were carried up to a court higher than the one held here.

A few cases, illustrating the modes of punishment inflicted a hundred years ago, may prove not un instructive.

These are selected from the note-book kept by the "worshipful James Hawes," Justice of the Peace, as well as deacon and physician.

He usually held court at his "dwelling-house in Westborough," occasionally at the house of Benjamin Wood, innholder, sometimes at that of Abijah Gale, innholder. Abijah Gale's house is still standing on the left-hand side of the Southborough road. It is occupied by Dennis Fitzpatrick. The large L has, since the days of the Revolution, been burned; but the main part of the house is

still as it was when crowded with eager farmers, their wives and children, to see Burgoyne and his army march by.

In November, 1785, William Wood, of Westborough, had Bertholomy English and Polly English arrested "for feloniously takeing, Steeling, and carrying of from the s<sup>d</sup> Williams, a cotton Lining Sheet, a apron, cap and Handkerchief." The evidence against them was conclusive, and Bertholomy was sentenced "to pay a fine of ten shillings and the said polly to pay a fine of five shillings or be whiped on the naked back five stripes and polly three stripes." They said they had nothing to pay the fine with, and "consented to be whiped and accordingly received said stripes by the officer."

The parties at law were always called by their first names, as "the s<sup>d</sup> Breck and Elijah," when speaking of Westborough's well-known store-keepers.

It was not at all unusual for a man, after committing some offence against the laws of the Commonwealth, to hurry off to the nearest justice, and explain his case. Nor was it considered illegal to impose sentence upon him, entirely upon his own confession. Sometimes, before the trial was concluded, the plaintiff appeared, as in the following assault case: —

"Be it remembered that Joseph Forbes of Westborough

in the county of Worcester, yeoman, Personally appeared before me the Subscriber and acknowledged himself guilty of an assault and Battery on the body of Barnum Blake of the same Westborough on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of September 1805, and did beat the s<sup>d</sup> Blake with a whip-lash fore or six strokes on his back on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of September A.D. 1805 in his shop in s<sup>d</sup>. Westborough, and as said Blake came at him the s<sup>d</sup> Forbes he then took said Blake and held him down and gave him five or six blows with his hand on his bottom or hip — and before I had time to proceed any further the said Major Blake came in and brought a witness with him who see the whole of the s<sup>d</sup> assault and Battery, who was sworn to testifie the whole truth and nothing but the truth—and after duly attending to the evidence and there allegations I give it as my judgment that the offense is so great that the fine ought to be more than a single Justice ought to decide upon and that the said Forbes be bound over to the next Court of Common Pleas in the county of Worcester on the sum of fifty dollars with two sureties in the sum of twenty-five dollars each, and in the meantime to be of good behavior towards all the citizens of this Commonwealth and more especially towards sd Blake.” Barnum Blake occupied N. M. Knowlton’s farm, having built the house now standing. Joseph Forbes lived in the same neighborhood.

The old Indian, Gigger, in 1812, was brought up for assaulting James Dunton. It might have gone hard with the said James, had not his wife come to the rescue. One of the witnesses testified that she saw Dunton and Gigger "a rooling about in the Snow like a Cooppel of Boolfrogs." Gigger was fined two dollars.

One of the most interesting and well-known differences in the way a man left his property is the provision made for the widow. The will of Ebenezer Maynard, dated in 1798, is very much like those usually made by a husband a hundred years ago.

The following is an extract from the will: —

"To my well-beloved wife Sarah Maynard, Two Guineas and all the Household Goods and Effects which she brought with her, and one half of all the Lineng that may be in the House at my Decease and one cow to be at her disposal forever.

"Item. I give and bequeath to my said wife the west part of my now dwelling-house and half the Seller and chamber and also the privilege of passing and repassing to the Barn well and orchard for to get apples and all Sorts of Green Sauce as She may need for her use as long as she shall remain my widdow — also a horse for her to ride as she may have occasion during sd term.

"I give and bequeath to my said wife annually eight



bushels of Indian corn or meal, Two bushels of Rye Meal One hundred weight of pork, fifty w<sup>t</sup> of Beef One Barrel of cyder, half a bushel of malt and one bushel of Turnips and one of ——— (?) Two pair of Shoes and the keeping of one cow both summer and winter, also a sufficient quantity of firewood for one fire, also Ten pounds of Flax and four pounds of wool So long as she remains my widdow, and the said articles are all to be delivered to her at my said Dwelling House by my executor and he is to give her a Decent Christian burial if she dies my widdow."

Many of the farmers had "bound boys," whom they took as little children, supported, clothed, and taught their "mystery" until the boys became of age. The Justice of Peace drew up an indenture which the farmer and baby (through the selectmen) pledged themselves to fulfil. One such, written by James Hawes, is here given: —

*" THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH*

"That Stephen Maynard, Aaron Warren, Seth Morse and Joseph Harrington of Westborough, In the County of Worcester Gentlemen Selectmen of sd Westborough hath put a poor child. belonging to sd town of Westboro and of their own free will & accord, and with the consent of two Justices of the Peace who have subscribed hereunto Doth by these Presents Voluntarily put & bind Artimus Pratt to be an

Apprentice unto Joseph carryl of Hubbardston & county aforesaid Husbandman and Elizabeth his wife & their to learn his art Trade or Mystery and with him the said Joseph carryl & Elizabeth his wife and their Heirs after the manner of an apprentice to Dwell and Serve from the Day of the Date hereof: for and During the full and Just Term of Eighteen years, Eight months & Twelve Day Next ensuing & fully to be compleat & ended. During all which Said Term, the said apprentice his said Master & Mistress Honestly & faithfully shall Serve, their Secrets keep close, their Lawfull and Reasonable commands everywhear gladly do & perform, he shall do no Damage to his sd Master or Mistress nor any hurt to their good willfully nor wast embezel nor purlone or lend them unto others nor suffer the Same to be wasted or purloned or lent: but to the uttomost of his powers Shall forthwith discover & make the sd known unto his sd Master or Mistress. Taverns or ale-houses he shall not frequent at cards dice or any other unlawfull games he shall not play. Fornication he shall not commit, nor Matrimony contract with any person during sd Term, from his Master or Mistresses Service he shall not be at any time unlawfully absent himself: but in all Things as a good, honest and faithful Servant & apprentice Shall bear and behave himself. Towards his sd Master & Mistress and their Heirs during the full Term of Eighteen Years, Eight months &

Twelve Days commencing as aforesaid, and the sd Joseph carryl for himself and Elizabeth his wife & their Heirs: do covenant promis grant & agree with them the abovesaid Selectmen of Westborough & with him the sd apprentice in manner & form following that is to say: That he will teach the apprentice or cause him to be taught, by the best ways or means that he may or can the Trade Art Mystery of Husbandman and to Read Write and cypher to the rule of Three if the said apprentice be capable to learn: and will find and provide for him the said apprentice Good and sufficient Meat, drink Lodging washing & Apparrel boath in Sickness & in health: fitted for an apprentice during sd Term and at the end of sd Term to dismiss sd apprentice with Two good suits of Apparrel both woolen and linning for all parts of his body one for Lord's Day & the other for working Days. also one good great coat. In Witness whereof the sd Parties to these Present Indentures have Interchangeably Set their hands & Seals this Seventeenth Day of December One Thousand Seven Hundred & Eighty Two and in the Seventh Year of the Independence of America.

“ Signed Sealed &  
Delivered in  
presence of.”

Perhaps some of the young men of the town who had more than once paid their fine to Justice Hawes, for some

slight offence, felt a good deal of satisfaction, when, in 1785, His Honor was brought up before the church, to explain some matters of his own. The selectmen of the town had a power of attorney to settle the business affairs of Adonijah Rice. Dr. Hawes, his former attorney, paid a note for him. The selectmen, calling upon him, asked him if he had "paid the full amount seen on his account." He answered, "every copper." — "What, no abatement?" — "Not one farthing," answered the doctor. But Dr. Daniel Brigham, to whom the bill was paid, claimed to have received only thirty shillings, where fifty shillings, ten pence were due. The church had several meetings discussing the question of Deacon Hawes' veracity, but none of his explanations or apologies seemed to satisfy them. They finally appointed a committee of three "to make some proposal to D. Hawes what he ought to confess in order for the chh's satisfaction."

After half an hour's adjournment, they heard Dr. Hawes' acknowledgment as follows: —

*"To the Chh. of Christ in Westborough,*

"BELOVED BRETHREN, — Knowing there is uneasiness among the brethren Concerning my conduct while transacting business in behalf of Adonijah Rice with the Selectmen in which I have been supposed by many to have Transgressed the Truth. — I acknowledge myself out of ye way in Answering the Selectmen, when asked by them whether I had paid the full face of a note ag<sup>t</sup> said Rice's estate in favor of Doct. Daniel

Brigham, to which I hastily replied in the affirmative, whereas ye circumstances demanded a Negative on account of which affirmative I gave ye Selectmen just reason to suspect my Veracity, have exposed myself to your Christian Resentment, am sorry therefore and now ask your forgiveness and charity.

“JAMES HAWES.

“which is put on file.”

Looking over a pile of old writs, we catch a glimpse of another side of the versatile doctor's character, by finding written on the back of one of them these lines: —

“To Miss Caty Hill  
This *wish* I do will.


“As you have long tarried  
I wish you well-married.  
A husband I wish you,  
To love and to kiss you.  
And you must forever,  
Love him and be clever.”

• Miss Caty Hill “tarried” until she was thirty-one, at which age, in 1798, she became the wife of a widower, Mr. Abner Warren. She had five children, — Mrs. Austin Harrington being one of them. She was a niece of Dr. Hawes' wife, and before her marriage made her home with them. She was a great favorite with the doctor, and her children

remember his walking up to their house — where Mrs. Harrington now lives — after his hair was silvery white, and his step feeble, to see “Caty,” and sitting by the hour together, reading to them the interesting books which had come in his way, — among others “The Dairymaid’s Daughter” and “Parley, the Porter.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.

IFE was less realistic a century ago. Real fears and dangers had given place to many imaginary ones. Men, as well as women, sought for signs to guide them in their work, and found them in every freak of nature or unusual accident.

The young girls were most interested in signs of marriage, seeking to have their fortunes told by hand or tea-cup, hanging the wish-bone over the outside door, in the belief that the man first entering afterwards was to be the husband of her who had hung the bone, and usually realizing the desired fortune, and becoming, at an early age, a hard-working farmer's wife.

A severe illness was often foretold by some member of the family seeing a mysterious light in the house.

There were many signs of death: breaking a mirror, hearing a dog bark under the window, or a knock at the door, when there was no one outside, having a bird fly against the glass, seeing a phantom chaise and white horse drive into

the yard and silently drive away again, — these, and many others, occurred frequently, and caused gloomy forebodings in every heart. In these cases it was not known who was to die; but there was a common occurrence, called an apparition, which indicated which member of the family it was to be. These apparitions took the form of the person himself, dressed as he was to be when death found him. Such a forerunner was seen in the meadow east of the old parsonage, near Powder hill, a little time before the death of the wife of John Beeton. Her daughter was in the field and saw her mother among the bushes, dressed in her every-day print dress, her cap, and with handkerchief crossed on her breast. She started to speak to her, when she suddenly disappeared.

Another case of the same sort occurred on Brigham hill, in Grafton. This was just before the war of 1758. Daniel Brigham, a young man of twenty-three, was drafted into the army, and the most strenuous efforts of the family failed to procure a substitute. Just before leaving home, as he was going up the road for the cattle, late one afternoon, he was startled by seeing before him a man wrapped in an Indian blanket. He recognized the figure and face of the man as his own. It disappeared. His brother, standing in the doorway of the old house, also saw the form. He went to the war with the conviction that he should never return.



A few weeks after, he fell ill of a fever, at Crown Point. When near the point of death, an Englishman found him attended by a friendly Indian, and wrapped in an Indian blanket. Afterwards the Englishman brought back to Gratton this account of the realization of their fears.

The exact spot where this apparition was seen has for many



generations been pointed out to the children of the family. It is not far beyond the Brigham homestead, now owned by Mr. E. A. Brigham, on the "old road," just after passing the "dry bridge."

The belief in ghosts was nearly universal. It was supposed that the spirits of persons who had been murdered were most apt to lie uneasy in their graves. As late as 1815 the majority believed that a house now standing on the Southborough road was haunted. It is a small red house on

the left-hand side, a short distance after the division of the Marlborough and Southborough roads.

A man from Grafton, named Flagg, was returning from the Revolution, with his pay tied up in a handkerchief,—it was about five hundred dollars. He stopped at this house to inquire the way to Northborough, and the occupant offered to show him a short cut across the fields. They started off together, but Flagg was never again seen.

At the time of the hurricane in 1815, there was blown down a large white oak in a woodland on the west side of the road leading by the house of Jonas Fay to Marlborough, near the boundary line between Southborough and Marlborough. Entangled with the roots was found the skeleton of a man. Mrs. Flagg—whose first husband was accidentally killed at a muster on South street—went, among others, to see the bones. She identified them as those of her second husband, partly by his having “double teeth all around,” and partly by the mark left on the bone of his leg, by a bone-sore.

The house, in the mean time, had been deserted. The former occupant built himself a new house near by. No other would stay in the house,—steps were heard approaching, the tall shovel and tongs in the fireplace fell in the night, strange noises were heard, and, more conclusive than anything else, a light, like the light of a candle, was

seen night after night moving about on the neighboring hill, on the spot where afterwards the white oak was uprooted.

Deacon Peter Fay, in his sketches of Southborough, has given an account of the light, and of an investigation made by a number of men and boys, including himself, who decided that it was a star, gave three cheers for the ghost and went home. But a lady about eighty years of age, being recently asked what she really thought caused the light, gave the more common belief of the day when she answered: —

“Why, you know murder will be brought to light. It was the Lord.”

Mrs. Whitney, a lady of ninety, now living in Worcester, was a native of Westborough. As a young girl, she remembers hearing the subject brought up anew, and thoroughly talked over by the good people of the town, when the suspected murderer, after years of exemplary life, was asked to join the Baptist church. He refused, saying that he had committed a sin for which he could never be forgiven. He seemed to live under a cloud.

There is a hill in the northern part of Northborough called “Ghost hill.” There was a man living in the town who was heavily in debt to another. One night, when he knew his creditor would be going home, he dressed himself in white, and appearing to him, told him in a sepulchral voice not to enforce his claim. The man was dreadfully frightened and

ran home. The debtor by this procedure escaped paying his bill, and the hill where the event occurred received its present name.

The eighteenth century was the border-line between old and new superstitions. There was many a farmer who would fasten a horseshoe to his stable door,

"Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
To his own mouth her bridle-bit."

On the old barn on the Andrews place, between East Main and Lyman streets, the hinges are fastened into horse-shoes, put there, perhaps, to protect the dumb animals, who, for some reason, seem to have been favorite victims of the witches' art.

The belief in witchcraft was very slow to disappear. People of all shades of belief were living here a century ago, from those having a firm conviction that some of their fellow-men actually made a compact with the devil, and signed it with their own blood, to those ridiculing even the idea of supernatural gifts. The person remembering the most stories of Westborough witchcraft is the oldest living descendant of a family who came here from Salem.

There were two persons supposed to be in league with the Evil One living here part of the time contemporaneously, whose names are very familiar to most of the older people

now in town, — Tom Cook and Ruth Buck. The former was well known in all the towns of Massachusetts, and more or less throughout New England. He lived in the house afterwards occupied by Dr. Hawes. Among the deeds recorded in Worcester is one from Thomas Forbush, of Westborough, to Cornelius Cook, blacksmith, who, October 20, 1727, had married Forbush's youngest daughter, Eunice. This deed, for four pounds and five shillings, conveys four acres and fourteen rods of land "near Cranbury pond with dwelling-house thereon where said Cornelius Cook doth now dwell." This is dated December 26, 1732. In 1750 Cook deeded this place, with house and barn, to Abijah Bruce; but in a few months it passed into the hands of Jonas Bradish, who sold it to Jonas Rolf, — the last owner before Dr. Hawes. Since then, for more than a hundred years it has been in possession of his family.

Here, October 6, 1738, Tom Cook first opened his innocent baby eyes on the world, whose wrongs, in his own eccentric way, he was to endeavor to right. Here he lived, developing his own personality, and by his sweet baby prattle, every day forcing his way further into his mother's heart. When about three years old, he was taken very ill. Mrs. Cook doubtless received the deacons and listened to their prayers over her sick darling, but it was whispered among the women at the next Sunday's service that the

little boy was getting better, in answer to his mother's wicked prayer, "Only spare his life; only spare his life, and I care not what he becomes!"

His early life must have been more eventful than that of many of the farmers' lads in his vicinity. His father was a man who seemed to get himself very easily into difficulty, and when once before the church, he needed committees and energetic personal endeavor to "restore him to charity." When Tom was about six, his father was brought before the church, and, according to the records, he read a paper "in which he hoped he was truly humble and sensible of his sin in profane swearing and prayed God and his people to forgive him, &c."

After reading the paper he was asked if he had anything to say upon it, and he told the church that "he doubted whether he was in a state of Grace at the time of his taking s<sup>d</sup> oath and was in doubt whether he ought to take it; but insisted that he was not guilty of taking it in the Manner the church had understood, it was in no Passion &c. but as well as he could in the fear of God, even act of worship; but as all his prayers, public attendance &c. were then profane, so was this also, and he could not judge it any otherwise, &c." After some debate, the Church decided that this confession was unsatisfactory, and it was a year and a half before he succeeded in making one which was sufficient to restore him to fellowship.

When Tom was about fifteen, his brothers, Robert and Stephen, were imprisoned and tried for killing an Indian at Stockbridge.

The Cook family moved to Wrentham, and in 1770 Mrs. Cook was living in Douglass, but was still helped by the Westborough church.

That the Evil One sometimes appeared, was a common belief, and on the Brigham farm, on Brigham hill, Grafton, can still be seen what was once supposed to be the print of his foot in a rock behind the barn. Tradition does not say how, or where, or when, Tom entered into a compact with the devil; but in some way, possibly by his mother, at the time of his illness, he was pledged to serve that individual for a number of years, receiving abundant help in return.

The last year rolled away, and found Tom still clinging to this life, and unwilling to enter upon any other. The devil came for him one morning, when he was dressing for another active day, and his head was full of plans for work. Tom had learned by that time to live upon his wits. "Wait, wait, wait, can't you?" he said to his visitor, "until I get my galluses on." And as soon as the latter had signified his willingness to wait, he threw the suspenders into the fire and never wore them again. He lived many years after this.

Mr. Parkman, forty-one years after he had baptized

Eunice Cook's new baby, in the old Wessonville church, still keeps an interest in him, and writes in his journal under date of August 27, 1779: "The notorious Thom. Cook came in (he says) on Purpose to see me. I gave him w<sup>t</sup> admon<sup>n</sup> Instruction and Caution I could—I beseech God to give it Force! He leaves me with fair Words—thankf. and Promising."

So he parted from the old minister, leaving him to admonish, instruct, and caution, while he, in his own way, straightened out the injustices of the world.

Cook was called a very attractive man; "of medium size, remarkably agile and well formed, — his face and head betokened unusual intelligence. His eyes were his most striking feature," described by one who had seen him as "of deep blue, the most piercing and, at the same time, the most kindly eyes that he ever saw." Before his long life closed he bore the scars of many an encounter; on one hand, every finger had been broken, and if set at all, generally in a very unscientific manner. In some way the various bones grew together, and Tom's body at length resembled some knotted, gnarled old tree. With children he was a great favorite. His pockets were always filled with toys, which he had stolen for their amusement, and nothing pleased him more than to relate his adventures to their wondering ears.

Among the large class who did not believe in his league



with the devil, there were many who admired his shrewdness and skill, and, in a certain sense, were his friends. He was called a thief; now he is usually spoken of as "the honest thief;" his own name for himself was "the leveller." He spent most of his time wandering about the country, stealing in one place with such skill and boldness that he was rarely detected, and bestowing his booty in another with an equal delicacy and kindness. He was familiar with the simple habits of the people, and knew at what hour it was best to slip into the well-to-do farmer's kitchen, to quietly abstract the pudding from the "boiled pot," and, carrying it in its steaming bag to the next house, where the man was poorer and the family larger, to drop it noiselessly in their less highly favored kettle.

He did not always do his work in so unobtrusive a manner. Many of his acts were unpremeditated and done in full sight. One day he was walking along the country road, and saw some children crying because they were hungry. Just that moment there passed a man on his way home from the corn-mill, with a load of bags of grain. Tom took one from the back of the wagon, and quickening his pace, walked ahead of the man, and gave the grain to the children's mother. The man saw him, but did not think of its being one of his meal-bags, until he reached home and took an account of stock.

Another time he went into a house, and upstairs. His object this time was to procure a feather-bed for some poor invalid whose slender purse forbade the purchase of such luxuries. He selected the best the house afforded, tied it closely in a sheet, took it downstairs, and knocked loudly at the front door.

"Can I leave this bundle here, till I call for it in a few days?" he asked, politely.

The woman recognized him, but not the bundle, and preferred to have him carry it elsewhere. So he took it up again with an easy conscience, and trudged on.

The farmers bore his oft-repeated thefts, with but few attempts to bring him to justice. Some of the more wealthy, who naturally would have been his chief victims, paid him annually a sum, which exempted them from his depredations, and probably nearly equalled in value what Tom would have expected in the practice of his profession to wrest from them.

He did not confine his depredations to houses, but patronized stores as well. One time, after he had broken into a shop in Woonsocket, and was travelling along the highway, he heard sleigh-bells behind him, which he rightfully guessed belonged to the officers sent in his pursuit. He jumped a wall, went to a haystack, and commenced pulling hay for the cattle. The officers drove up and stopped.

"Hullo," they shouted; "seen a man running past here?"

"Just went by," answered Tom; "you'll overtake him in a minute."

As soon as they were out of sight, he took off his shoes, and in true Indian fashion tied them on with the toes at the heels, and tramped over the snow to a neighboring swamp. The officers finally returned, and saw where the man had come from, but could not find where he had gone.

Another time he was less successful, and was captured by the officers, and mounted on the horse behind one of them, and carried along towards the jail. By using his hands skillfully he managed to tie the man, unknown to him, fast to his horse. He then complained that he was tired of the horse's hard gait, and asked permission to get down and ride on the other. This was granted him, and once seated behind the second officer, he proceeded quietly to tie him to his horse. This accomplished, he jumped down and disappeared in the woods, probably leaving the officers in firm belief that their missing prisoner was in league with the Evil One, who had sent unseen hands to help his ally in distress.

In the course of his long life he was often arrested. At one time he selected a meeting-house in one of the towns in this vicinity for a place where he could retire after a successful raid, and, undisturbed, look over his booty, and develop

his philanthropic plans. It was mistrusted that all was not right, and a watch was set. One night, Tom appeared through the window, seated himself in one of the capacious square pews, with his bag by his side, and commenced hauling out his plunder. Each article he laid aside, after deciding on whom it should be bestowed. Then came a bottle of cider, and he put it down with a smack of satisfaction, — “Ah, this is good for old Tom.” — “Yes,” cried the officer, springing from his place of concealment, “and this is good for old Tom.” And he arrested him, and carried him to the “goal.”

But a time came when more imminent danger threatened Tom, when he was actually brought into court, and heard the awful words of the judge: “And I therefore sentence you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead.”

But under these trying circumstances his courage did not fail.

“I shall not be there that day, day, day,” he answered.

And when the day for his execution came, he had managed in some way to break through bolt and bar, and the wondering authorities thought “best not to look him up.”

Tom never acquired wealth for himself, and, when a severe accident to his leg, together with advancing old age, took away his agility, his means of a livelihood were gone, and he settled down in Westborough. One of the last years of

his life he spent on the farm of Mr. Levi Bowman, who boarded the town's poor. His house was the last on the old Upton road, before reaching the poor-farm. Tom spent his winters contentedly under shelter, but in summer he wandered about, and finally, when nearly ninety years of age, he ran away from his home in the poor-house, and died near Boston. He was brought back here for burial, and at an expense of forty dollars was finally laid to rest.

He left no successor to go on with his cherished work. He had at one time, after the manner of the Jew Fagin, taken a young apprentice to teach him his trade. One evening he gave him a package of valuables to hide. The boy went away with them, and, soon returning, told Tom that he had put them under a certain large stone. When he fell asleep, Tom stole out and removed the goods. The next morning he sent the boy for them, who, coming back, sadly reported that they were gone.

"You must have been telling some one where you put them," said Tom. But the apprentice honestly declared he had told no one.

"But you did," said Tom; "you told me. That is no way to do business. Keep it to yourself."

Of Ruth Buck's ancestry we know nothing, nor was she associated with any particular locality. The Town Records mention her first in 1763, about seventy-one years before her

death. In the warrant for the town-meeting, May 9, 1763, one article was, "To see what y<sup>e</sup> Town will do with respect to Ruth Buck, which y<sup>e</sup> Selectmen of this Town have sent to Southboro', for y<sup>e</sup> Selectmen of Southboro' refuse to take y<sup>e</sup> sd Ruth Buck as their proper charge." They "voted not to stand Toyal (trial) with Southboro' with respect to Ruth Buck." In October of the same year, Mr. Samuel Allen prayed "that y<sup>e</sup> Town would Relieve Him someway or other with respect to Ruth Buck and her child," They afterwards appropriated money for her support, and so in the early days of her unfortunate motherhood she became a town charge.

What became of the little one whose babyhood was so overshadowed with trouble and want we do not know. The fact of his existence faded from the minds of most. In 1778 Ruth appeared before the church, confessed her sin, and was "admitted into full communion." Of the next years of her life we know nothing; perhaps they were the best years, spent in the care of her boy.

Full communion with the church did not mean full social fellowship with the good people of the town. It is not long before we find her regarded with distrust, though still going from house to house, following her profession of tailoress, looked upon with fear by the little children, and by many of their elders as a social outcast and witch.

What she herself thought has come down to us in a very negative way. Old David Fay, a rough, eccentric man, called out to her one morning as she was passing his house: —

“Well, Ruth, they say you are a witch.”

“If I’m a witch,” she answered, as she trudged on, “you are the devil.”

She is remembered as a very stout woman, with large, strong features. Her temper was uncertain, and many a sharp retort came from her lips. It was a bad thing to arouse her opposition, and feel the sting of her venomous hate.

She always wore a cap or handkerchief on her head, sometimes of white material, more commonly of plaid. Below it was seen a bit of the lobe of each ear, with a little gold knob fastened into it. She was never seen without this covering, and it was said and believed that she had a very good reason for wearing it. One day she had asked a farmer to do some ploughing for her. His refusal displeased her, and she angrily said, “You will have trouble with your oxen to-day.” The farmer found she was right; the usually docile beasts refused to move. At last, feeling sure that they were bewitched, he resorted to the usual method of letting out the evil spirit, and cut off the tops of their ears. From that time dates Ruth’s wearing of the head covering, and it was

generally understood that the few who, in some unguarded moment, had obtained a glimpse beneath it had seen that her ears were cropped.

Across her throat she had a long purple mark, which she covered with a handkerchief crossed in front. There was a farmer living in Grafton whose sheep one day showed the familiar and unmistakable signs of being bewitched, not only by their erratic actions, but even more by the blindness which had suddenly come upon the whole flock. At last he resorted to the "sharp medicine" of the knife, cutting the throat of the worst one. He had no more trouble with them; but, until her death, Ruth was marked with a livid line just where the farmer's knife had cut the bewitched sheep.

She seems to have oftener used her uncanny influence over inanimate things. One day she met Mr. Joseph Belknap, soon after he had started from his farm at Rocklawn, to "go below," as was the phrase commonly used of a trip to Boston, with a large number of eggs for the market. She asked for some; but he refused to sell them, as his box was even, full, and closely packed. "Well, as you please," she answered; "but you will never get those eggs safe to the market."

In some unaccountable way, near the end of his long drive, the board in the back of his wagon came out, and the box of eggs slid to the ground. Every one was broken.



Another time, a farmer, against whom she had previously vowed vengeance, passed her as he was carrying a load of wood to the school-house, now known as No. 2, near the H. A. Gilmore farm. She told him he would never reach there safely with his load. She passed on, but the oxen refused to move; he took off part of the load, but, after a short distance, they stopped again. This was repeated, until, just before reaching his destination, he threw off the last stick, and the oxen, starting on a dead run, rushed by the school-house.

There were innumerable slight annoyances to which the good woman of the house was subjected, against whom Ruth Buck had a spite. When she lighted her candles, she found that all below the rim of the old-fashioned candlestick was gone; only the wick was left. These candlesticks were made with a long socket, which held more than half the candle; a small slide raised or lowered at will made it possible to burn them almost the entire length. She believed the witch had come in an invisible shape and eaten the candles.

Mrs. Samuel Grout was one of the ladies most annoyed by Ruth's pranks: her bread wouldn't rise; it refused to bake, no matter how hot the oven might be; the butter wouldn't come, and many other things went wrong in her work. One day, after churning for a long time, she

tried, on a large scale, the remedy mentioned by Whittier in his New England Legend, —

“The goodwife’s churn no more refuses  
Its wonted culinary uses,  
Until with heated needle burned,  
The witch has to her place returned,” —

and dropped a hot brick into the offending cream. The butter soon came, but not long afterwards a neighbor ran in saying that Ruth Buck had been dreadfully burned.

Mrs. Grout, seeing Ruth soon after with her hand in a poultice, asked her what the matter was.

“You know what is the matter,” was her answer, “and you’ll find yourself well paid.”

The same day, one of Mr. Grout’s cows was found with a broken leg, with no apparent reason for the accident.

This was not the only burn that Ruth received. One day Mrs. Beeman was very much troubled with the behavior of her spinning-wheel. It refused to turn, the thread broke, and the good-woman’s patience was well-nigh exhausted. She took an old horseshoe, heated it red-hot, and laid it on the wheel. Everything went smoothly after that, but Ruth bore the scar for many a day.

This woman, so the farmers’ wives thought, had the power of knowing when she was talked about, and hearing what was said. Perhaps the low tones they thought necessary to use when telling each other about the afflictions

she had brought upon them, may account in part for the lasting impression of curiosity and awe which her character left on the little children of the day, now most of them past their eightieth year.

One day she was trudging up a long hill in Upton, when a girl named Lackey looked out from one of the windows of a house on top of the hill, and saw her coming. "Oh dear," she said to her mother, "here comes Ruth Buck. I hope she isn't coming to stay."

Ruth came on, made a pleasant call, but refused all their invitations to lay aside her wraps. When she stepped over the threshold after bidding them good-by, her expression changed. Looking sharply at her late hostesses, she said: "Oh dear, here comes Ruth Buck. I hope she isn't coming to stay. Won't you take off your things? I don't want you to stay."

She went off repeating these words to herself.

The last years of her life she was obliged, to a great extent, to give up her wandering habits. After the manner of dealing with paupers in the early part of this century, she was knocked down at auction to the person offering to board her for the least sum, and so fell to the thrifty hospitality of John Fay, who lived about two miles from the station, on the North Grafton road.

She finally, in 1834, at the age of ninety-two, ended her days in the poor-house.

Since her day there has been no one in town invested with her peculiar gifts.

The wife of Barechias Morse, who lived on the right-hand side of the road from Prentiss Mills to Woodville, was one of the Framingham Goddards. Her father, about 1745, owned a young slave boy. While he was living at Mr. Goddard's, things began to go wrong: the milk down cellar was found full of dirt; the food was spoiled; things were lost; books were torn; but the Bible, the prayer-books, and the hymn-books were never touched. Mrs. Goddard was fond of the slave boy, but at last came to half agree with her husband that he must be the cause of all their trouble, and consented that he should be tested for a day, by tying him into a chair, where her eye could be upon him. While he was tied, some things in a bureau drawer near the place where Mrs. Goddard was sitting suddenly flew into the fire.

Mrs. Goddard then begged her husband not to suspect the boy longer, for he had always been a good lad.

But in view of their manifold afflictions, they thought best to have a day of fasting and prayer, and the ministers from all the neighboring towns — Mr. Parkman, doubtless, among the number — met at Mr. Goddard's home, to wrestle against this unseen power.

After that day, all trouble ceased.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## STEPHEN MAYNARD AND SOME OF HIS NEIGHBORS.

**O**N the left-hand side of the road to Northborough, a little back from the street, stands a large, square house, even now in its old age looking hale and handsome. It is occupied by B. J. Stone. A hundred years ago and more, it was the mansion of Westborough's richest man, Capt. Stephen Maynard.

This house he built himself with the greatest care. He

spent seven years in selecting the timber, and all the work was well and carefully done. It is known that he built it before 1772, but not just when. His eldest child was born in 1743. In 1757 his wife, Thankful, died, leaving him with six children. A year before this, Dr. Samuel Brigham, of Marlborough, had died, leaving four children. Not long after his wife's death, Captain Maynard married Mrs. Brigham, and the ten children played together on the large farm.

He kept three slaves, — a man, his wife, and their daughter, the latter being the warm friend and playfellow of his little step-daughter, Anne Brigham. The heavy walls leading up the avenue to the house were built by this slave man, and this is said to have been among the very last labor performed by slaves in Massachusetts.

Although a man "of quality," he kept open house for the accommodation of travellers, and so added a little to his income. Nor did Mrs. Anne Maynard intend to have this a losing matter to him; and one day when three or four drunken Indians knocked at her door and demanded food, she slipped the long oven poker into the hot coals, while she talked with them. Finding they did not intend to pay, and were not disposed to leave peacefully, she brought out her red-hot poker. They left.

The Town Records are full of Stephen Maynard and

his doings. He was a stiff Whig, foremost in politics in his time, selectman, chief officer of all the town's militia, and representative in the General Court. It is less easy to get records of his social and family life than of his public career.

In the hope of opening the way for his son, Antipas, to become a wealthy man, he persuaded Isaac Davis, of Rutland, to settle near him, and teach his son the tanner's trade. But in 1772 the young tanner had won the heart of Anne Brigham, and they commenced housekeeping for themselves, Antipas being a member of their family. One evening, Mrs. Davis saw him leave the house, and, having a presentiment that something was wrong, she took a light and went to his room.

All his clothing and belongings were gone. For twelve years nothing was heard from him; then a letter came, saying that his desire to travel, for which he could not get his father's consent, had led him to leave. He had been in Spain and England, and finally settled in the Isle of Guernsey, in the tanner's trade.

Isaac Davis and Anne Brigham became the ancestors of a large family, John Davis, the governor, being one of their sons. They lived the early part of their married life in the "Broaders house," the last house on the left-hand side of the Northborough road, before crossing the Assabet.

Afterwards Deacon Davis bought, in consideration of eighteen hundred ounces of plated silver, the place now known as the Davis homestead, and owned by Mrs. George C. Davis. Here he planted the beautiful elms, one of them owing its long life to Governor Davis' love of trees. It is



Birthplace of Gov. John Davis

now one of the handsomest in the group. It has fastened into it a ring and chain for hitching horses. The old Davis house stood a little nearer the road, surrounded by young elms. When Mr. Davis was making some repairs on the roof of the L, he decided to cut down this tree; but his son John begged that he would spare it, pledging himself to pay for all the shingles spoilt by its shade. He,



with the help of two other young men, bent the tree over out of the way of the workmen until the work was done. The large stone before the front door of Mrs. Davis' house was the hearthstone in the old house.

This house was the one originally built by Isaac Tomlin, one of the first deacons of the Westborough church.

Isaac Davis is to-day remembered as "large, tall, and stern;" one of the representative men of his time. He outlived Anne Brigham by many years, and was twice married after her death. For his second wife he married a widow, living in New Hampshire. She had bought a barrel-churn with one of her neighbors, each one paying half of the cost. After her marriage to Mr. Davis, he went to call on this neighbor to arrange about the churn, for then, as now, there was no law to which they could appeal for a just division of personal property owned in common. He proposed various plans, — that she should sell him her share in the churn, or buy his wife's; but nothing pleased her.

At last, going out to his wagon, he came back with a saw, saying, "Talking this over with my wife, I anticipated this trouble, and came prepared for it."

He quietly sawed the churn in two, and with the remark, "We are willing to give you the largest half," left her with the side having the crank.

He was one of the deacons of the Northborough church,

respected, honored, and venerated as one worthy to hold that position. A grandson of his remembers riding to church one Sunday on his knee, and seeing a gray squirrel bound across the road. In his delight, he called his grandfather's attention to it, and received from the stern old deacon a sharp twist of the ear, and the quick reproof that "squirrels are not to be mentioned to-day."

Stephen Maynard was a friend of Mr. Parkman's, and apparently regarded by the old minister with much favor. When John Beeton, the young Scotch blacksmith, walked over with his wife from Hopkinton, with bags full of English coin, to buy the old parsonage and farm, Mr. Parkman refused to sell to him. Only a man of distinction, he said, should buy his farm. The young Scot turned away, bided his time, met Stephen Maynard, and stated the case to him. Captain Maynard willingly undertook the purchase of the farm, and Mr. Parkman felt no little satisfaction in passing over a deed to him.

In giving the boundaries of the farm in this deed, one of the localities mentioned is Powder hill. This name is very old. In 1737 Mr. Parkman uses it in his journal. The origin of the name has been preserved by a tradition. It is said that, during one of the early Indian wars, a heavy powder-wagon was being dragged by four stout horses up the hill, when one of the kegs of powder rolled off, the head

came out, and the contents were scattered over the ground. The men watched in dismay, expecting to see the sparks from the iron calks of the horses' shoes ignite the powder, when a terrible explosion must have followed. They, however, passed it safely.

Captain Maynard, within a few days, transferred this deed to John Beeton. Mr. Parkman had cut some wood north of the house, which he had reserved at the time of the sale, but forgot to stipulate for a right of way thereto. Soon after Mr. Beeton took possession, Mr. Parkman sent his servants with cart and oxen for the wood. The new owner stood at the great gate to ask what this meant. They told him their purpose. "You go back to Mr. Parkman and tell him only a man of distinction can cross MY FARM," he said. Mr. Parkman himself had to ask permission to get the wood.

Afterwards the independent young Scot and the distinguished minister became good friends, and many a time the minister's horse was fastened in front of the old parsonage, while the two drank their home-brewed beer and discussed the advisability of written or extemporaneous prayer; for John Beeton was a Presbyterian, and Mr. Parkman adhered to many of the forms of the Church of England.

The Beeton family occupied the old parsonage for ninety years or more. The last member of the family in West-

borough, Miss Jane Beeton, lived here through her early childhood. Her mother was a daughter of Mr. Amasa Maynard, who fed Dr. Ball on the old mare's meat. Another daughter of his ran away from home when she was fourteen, and married a Cook. They lived in Moultonborough, in the White Mountains, and furnished refreshments for travellers, who called her "the old woman of the mountains." When Miss Martineau was in this country, she went to their house. Mrs. Cook was charmed with her, and wishing to make her a present, she took from her store-room some strings of dried apple. Miss Martineau received the gift very prettily, and, like the heroine of Adelaide Proctor's "Wayside Inn,"

" She tied it to her saddle,  
With a ribbon from her hair,"

and so rode away.

Amasa Maynard and his family were for some time near neighbors of Stephen Maynard, living awhile in the Broaders house, and then in the house on the opposite side of the road, which has lately been bought by the Lyman school, and distinguished with an addition much larger than the original house. On this place a thousand of Burgoyne's troops were quartered for a night while on their march to Boston after the surrender.

One of Stephen Maynard's grocery bills is still in existence.

It begins as follows: —

“Mr. Stephen Maynard Dr., Westborough.

“To Isaac Forbush & Asaph Warren April 8, 1803.

		£.	s.	d.
	1 qt. W. I. Rum . . . .			10
May 24.	1 qt. Molasses. . . .			9
	1 lb. sugar. . . .			9½
	¼ lb. allspice . . . .			6
June 12.	1 qt. W. I. Rum. . . .			10
	½ doz. Biscuit . . . .			6
July 22.	2 lb. Shugar . . . .	1.		7
Aug. 4.	3½ pints W. I. Rum . . . .	1.		6
“ 9.	3½ lbs. Sugar . . . .	2.		3
“ 10.	3½ pints W. I. Rum . . . .	1		
“ 20.	¼ lb. Pigtail Tobacco. . . .			4
Nov. 30.	1 qt. W. I. Rum. . . .			11
Dec. 11.	1 Bushel Coase Salt . . . .	6.		6
Feb'y 8. 1804.	1 Qt. W. I. Rum . . . .	1.		
April 30.	1½ lb. Cotten . . . .	2.		3
May 29.	To Sundry articles . . . .	3.		3
Sept. 8.	1 pare of Shoes . . . .	6.		9
Jan'y 12	3 pints W. I. Rum . . . .	1.		6
1805	1 dozen biscuits . . . .	1.		0

&c.”

These biscuits were probably the kind described by Professor Dwight in his travels in New England, in the early part of this century. He says, "The white bread served up at tables in this County and in the country further east, particularly in the Inns, is made in the form of large biscuits, dry and hard, but agreeable to the taste, yet inferior to the crackers, made in the country farther West."

Stephen Maynard died in 1806. The family wore mourning, as we know from one of Parkman, Tyler, & Parker's bills. They kept the largest store in town, — dry goods, groceries, etc. Parkman was Breck Parkman, a son of the minister. The bill is as follows: —

"WESTBOROUGH May 7. 1806.

"The Estate of Stephen Maynard, late deceased to Parkman,

Tyler & Parker — Dr. the following mourning apparel &c.

To 6 yds. cambrick @ 3/9	3.75
½ yd Crape gaws. 7/	0.58
Cotton gloves	.58
a pair shoes	0.75
2¾ yds. mourning ribbon @ 6d.	.23
Sewing silk & taste	15
towards the bonnet,	5
3 pints W. I. Rum,	38
Loaf sugar	28

---

6.75 "

After Captain Maynard's death, there was an auction of his personal property. The list, with the exception of farming tools, of which there were many, is as follows: —

" 1 good grate coat	5.50	
1 blue strate bad coat	2.50	
1 Nancin Wesket. '75 1 old Ditto, 17. 1 pair		
pantaloons nankut	.50	1.52
1 pair Wollen Ditto .85. 1 Wollen Frock, 90		1.74
1 pair Cotton Shirts 3.00 old great coat. .35		3.35
1 hat .85, 1 pair boots 1.00 1 pair shooes Calfkin. 80		2.64
1 pair old shoes, .20.—		.20
		<hr/>
		\$16.88
"Number old books, 50, 1 Brass kittel 3.50. 1 Tea-		
kittel 66.		4.66
1 cheese basket 2 cheese hoop, 35. 1 box, 35, 2		
pair old cans, 35.		1.04
1 old half bushel 2 half peck 25. 1 powder-horn 10,		34
3 milk pans, 42. 1 old warming pan 25. 1 old		
lamb, 24		92
1 bridle 50, 1 great chair 30, 9 old chairs 1.85		3.04
1 Bread troath 2 Sieves 1.25, 4 old pails, 1 fligen		
1.25		2.50
1 grat Wheel 1, 2 foot wheels old 2.00 1 pine chest		
2 boxes old		5.00

1 Candel stand, 12. 1 pine tabel 1.00, 1 old trundel	
Bedsted . . . . .	1.52
1 Shugar Box, 2 three gimblets 25, 2 hamer old, 25,	50
1 pair Sheep Shers & 3 Whetstones, 2 old fils .	.85
2 Sighs & Snath 2.00 2 old hoes, 60 . . . .	2.60
1 Ct. of old iron 34. 3 old axes 75 . . . .	1 52
1 old pilling 50 . . . . .	50
1 iron pot 75, 1 dish kittel 75, 1 Stue pan, .40 .	1 90
Pear of tongs 1:25 1 pair andirons 2.20 1 tort-	
iorns (?) 34. . . . .	3.79
4 small Crain hooks 20, 1 tin lantern 35, . . .	55
1 pair bellases 40, 1 churn 10, 1 tunel 2 wash-	
tubs 42, . . . . .	1 58
2 meet tubs & Sope 3.50 5 Sider Barrels 1.60 .	5.10
1 Corn basket 25. 2 plows 7.00 1 Wooling Shod	
Shovel 50 . . . . .	7.74
1 dung fork 55. 2 old forks & 1 old Scekel 25 .	.80
1 chest, five Draws, 5.00 1 pine tabel with Draws,	
1.10 . . . . .	6.10
1 old Chist 25. 3 small Earthen plats 30. 6 larger	
Ditto 30 . . . . .	0.85
5 Tea-cups Sasers 35, 1 small mug & Bale 12, tin	
Waire 17 . . . . .	.64
3 puter platters 1.50, 3 puter plats 50. 3 Basens	
old and poor 90 . . . . .	2.90



2 Glase Bottols 35, 7 knives & forks 30, 1 Shugar	
Box 12 . . . . .	77
1 looking glass 75, 1 male bagg 80. 1 bedsted	
painted 75. . . . .	2.30
1 Bed-cord 30 . . . . .	30
	<hr/>
	41.11
“ 1 Bed, 2 Beding indor Bedsted & cord . .	13.00
5 Coverlets 6.25 3 sheets old and poor, 75. . .	7.
4 piller cases Cotton 60. 1 table Cloath 35 . .	.94
1 Bed under bod bolster & two pillers & Cord .	3.00
	<hr/>
	28.94
“ A right in the Westborough Library, . .	2.75
2 books. . . . .	.50
2 Glass tumblers & crocker ware . . . .	.35
2 old towels grater & pepper box . . . .	23
1 bed quilt . . . . .	2.
1 puter platter . . . . .	1. ”

James Hawes, Jr., bought the warming-pan. It may be the one still hanging in Dr. Hawes' old house. His clothes were sold to his old neighbors. The house passed out of the hands of his family.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE LAST OF THE NIPMUCKS.

**W**HEN first visited by white men, almost the whole of the present area of Westborough was a wilderness. A few scattered Indian wigwams, as Jack Straw's and the one near Chauncy, were the residences of Indians; but the nearest Indian village was at Hassanamisco, — six miles away, — now known as Grafton. Here, in 1654, Eliot came and commenced his labor of love among the people. In 1671 he established here his second mission church. Nearly all the towns of "praying Indians" were provided with teachers from Hassanamisco. In 1674, Eliot, with his distinguished friend, Gen. Daniel Gookin, visited all the praying Indians of the Nipmuck country; and General Gookin wrote a description of them, which has been reprinted in the first volume of the Massachusetts Historical Collection. At that time there were about sixty persons in the town. Wattascompanum lived here, the chief ruler of the whole Nipmuck country. His English name was Captain Tom.

Everything looked promising and hopeful for the formation and continuance of a Christian village, when, in 1675, King Philip's war broke out. These Christian Indians had to choose between their new friends and those nearest to them by ties of blood. We can hardly wonder that many of them forsook the newer obligation and joined Philip, — some finally returning to the English, others taken fighting with the enemy. Among these latter, it was claimed, was that "grave and pious man," Wattascompanum, who, a few months later, was executed in Boston, in spite of insufficient testimony. "On the ladder," Eliot says, in an account of his death, "he lifted up his hands and said, 'I never did lift up my hands against the English, nor was I at Sudbury, only I was willing to go away with the enemies that surprised us.' When the ladder was turned, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and so held them till strength failed, and they by degrees sunk down."

During the war, a battle was fought on Keith hill, very near the farm-house now owned by Mr. David L. Fiske. It was supposed that there were about forty Indians who took part in this fight. They carried their own dead away with them. When Captain HENCHMAN, in the morning, returned to the battle-field, he found the heads of two of his men, facing each other, on crotched poles, before the wigwam door. About seventy years ago, the graves of these two

men were still visible, and were marked by stones. Mr. Keith, then living there, had the stones taken up and put in the wall on the east side of the field, saying it was no worse to have "corn growing over their bones than stones on top of them."

For a time Hassanamisco was nearly deserted, but gradually the Indians came back to their old homes, and in 1698 five families had returned. The first land owned by a white man in Grafton was that part of the "Farms District" which Netus, in 1665, "with the consent of the Indians at Nep-nap," transferred to Elijah Corlett, the teacher of the Cambridge grammar school, in payment for his son's education. This land is described as being "at the north end of Nep-nap hill, being about three miles distant, northerly, from the Indian plantation." This same farm was afterwards sold to Peter Goulding, of Sudbury, "for one negro wench called Nanny, delivered at £25.10, and £10. in money."

In 1728 the whole town was purchased by the English for twenty-five hundred pounds. This money was not paid directly to the Indians, but to trustees appointed by the General Court, who were to invest it as a permanent fund, and pay out the interest to the original proprietors. Each Indian proprietor had an allotment of land equal to that given to each white proprietor, and one hundred acres common land in addition.

Until 1772 the interest on the original fund, much reduced by the change in currency, was paid to the Indians. Then petitions began to come in from them complaining that they failed to receive the money.

Ten years later, Joseph Aaron and others complained that for seven years they had not received a quarter of their interest. In reading the General Court Records, his name is the first we meet of the old Hassanamiscoes remembered by persons now living. He was a soldier in the Revolution. In the early part of this century he was living in the swamp, half a mile this side of B. A. Nourse's present house,—a full-blooded Indian, with long, straight hair. He lived alone, weaving his baskets, wandering into the houses and barns of his white neighbors, and quoting scraps of Scripture, right, or oftener wrong. Sitting in the old Nourse barn one day, he commenced, "If sinners entice thee, consent thou." Mr. Nourse — father of Mr. David Nourse, now living in his ninety-second year — corrected the quotation. Old Jo threw back his head with a hearty laugh, "Well," he answered, "you can't expect me to remember the *whole* Bible."

From that time to this, some remnants of the tribe have remained in their old home, still praying for the money which is their just due. In 1841, when a new trustee was appointed, it was found there were no funds. In a report

made in 1861 to the Governor and Council by John Milton Earle, special commissioner, he says: "The State in its sovereign capacity took their property into its keeping, and has suffered it to be squandered or lost." From time to time small sums of money have been granted them, but the whole together amounts to but a small part of what they should have received.

In the early part of this century there were several families of Hassanamiscoes living in this vicinity, — one family, at least, in Westborough, that of old Andrew Brown. He lived, with his wife and children, on the Flanders road, near the Beeman farm, and later, on the cross-road which turns to the right just before reaching the hospital.

His wife was Hannah Thomas, daughter of Mary and James Thomas, of pure Hassanamisco descent. They had four children: Andrew Comache, Elizabeth, Lucinda, and their famous daughter, Deb. Like all the Indians, he and his family spent their time making baskets, and drinking up the profits from the sale of them. He was a tall Indian, with straight, black hair, and had served in the Revolution, receiving there a wound which made him lame for life. During the war, his wife and daughter, then a small child, followed the army, and had many adventures with rattlesnakes, catamounts, and other wild beasts.

Once when some people were passing his house, they saw

the old Indian lying under a tree quite drunk. His wife, standing near, looked at him with contempt: "Poor old Indian," she said; "got dhrunk on schwamp water."

The daughter, Deb, was for many years a celebrated tramp. She was friend and travelling companion of Sarah Boston, of Grafton. She was married to one of the Grafton Indians named Pease, who treated her cruelly, and in one of their quarrels broke her hip. She was always lame after this.

One day, when quite old, and small, and wrinkled, she came to Mr. Beeman's farm on the Flanders road, holding in her hand a bottle of medicine, which some considerate old lady had given her, marked, "Take me and I'll cure you." She was on her way to the poor-farm, where, a few days afterwards, she died. She left two daughters; one of them, Mrs. Robert E. Brown, now lives in Worcester, and has in her possession a daguerreotype of her mother taken in a brightly flowered gown, deep lace collar, and large, square breast-pin. A true Indian, she joined to her roving disposition a love of bright colors, which she always wore.

There were several families named Gigger (pronounced Jidger) in town, they being of mixed Hassanamisco descent. Josiah Gigger, who was brought before Justice Hawes in 1812, lived on a cross-road between the Southborough and Flanders roads, on the farm now owned by Mr. George Har-

rington. He married Lucinda, a daughter of Andrew Brown, and left a large family of children.

More persons now living remember Simon Gigger. He was short and small, living first in a swamp towards Shrewsbury, in a hut built of stones, the walls being two feet thick at the base, and gradually growing narrower at the top. It sloped from the bottom to the ridge-pole; the stones were covered with sods and branches of trees. In the top was a hole to let out the smoke from the wood-fire blazing underneath. A plank for a table comprised the furniture; and here sat "old Gigger," surrounded by his family, making baskets and drinking. There lived with him his brother, Daniel, his sister, Sallie, — who escaped killing one of her white neighbors, only because the gun refused to go off, — and Bets Hendricks, the owner of the famous violin, to whose music the people in all the taverns, and the children in all the farm kitchens, danced sixty years ago.

An old Indian woman speaks to-day with a shudder of the quarrels between Gigger and Bets, and his fearful cruelty to her. One time she got more than even with him by striking him with a scythe and cutting his thumb so that it fell over into his hand. But this quarrel, like all the others, was readily healed, and the cut thumb was cured by a generous application of balm of Gilead.

The remains of his old shanty can still be found near the



arch bridge on the Boston & Albany railroad. It is on the north side of the railroad, about twenty rods east of the western intersection of the old and new road-beds, a half-dozen rods north of the new embankment. There is now left merely a collection of loosely piled-up stones, half hidden by the dense brush, but indicated as once having been a human habitation by the bright little faces of the ladies' delights, which, in the struggle for existence, have outlasted the Indian family which planted them in the wilderness.

Gigger afterwards lived on the "old Mill road," on the right-hand side as you go from Main street, on land now owned by Mr. Moses Pollard. For many years the hill was called for him, "Gigger hill." Here he built a kind of wigwam, and lived with Bets Hendricks and Deb Brown. Sarah Boston often visited there. When not in his house, Gigger roamed the streets, followed by Bets Hendricks, who always walked a little behind him, and to whom he often called, "Come along, Bets;" or he lay drunk under a tree, or indulged in some more exciting occupation, like rolling down Jackstraw hill on an empty barrel.

He and Bets used to wander around together, she carrying a load of baskets, which they sold at the farm-houses, he, the violin. They often found work in rebottoming the chairs, and when the work was done, and the bread and cider disposed of, Gigger or Bets would delight the children by getting what music they could from the old fiddle.

The last years of their lives Gigger and Bets spent in Worcester, building a hut very near the Boston & Albany railroad, not far from the spot where Hon. E. L. Davis has lately erected a stone tower. From this house they took their last spree,—going into the city, where they freely indulged in rum, and returning late at night in a driving snow-storm. When the storm was over, the farmers went out with their ploughs to break out the road. A bit of calico sticking up in the snow proved to be part of Bets' dress. Farther on—as usual, a little ahead of his wife—they found Gigger's body,—both frozen to death within sight of their home.

There was a family of Indians living on John Belknap's old place at Rocklawn, in a kind of dug-out in the side of the hill. It was enclosed by stone walls, covered by sods, with grass growing on the roof. The door was about four feet square.

There was also an Indian and his wife, who lived on an island in "the swamp," named Francis. His hut was reached by a rude bridge of logs. He died of consumption, one night, and in the morning his wife found her way alone to Mr. Pierpont Brigham's, told how he died with his head in her lap, and begged that he might have a funeral like the white people. The neighbors went to the island, brought away the body, and the funeral was held in front of Mr. Brigham's house.

Lydia Francis belonged to this same family. She was an especial terror to the children, for she was known to carry a large butcher's knife concealed under her shawl, and she was followed by a big brindle dog, as ugly as his mistress.

This family of Francis were not the only persons choosing their building lots in Cedar swamp. There is an island in the swamp, known for many years as Garfield's island. It is a tradition that a man named Parmenter Garfield used to live alone on this place, and a cellar still marks the site of his house. In October, 1780, Mr. Parkman writes: "P.M. Mr. Eb<sup>r</sup> Forbush conducted me to y<sup>e</sup> thick swamp where is y<sup>e</sup> hideous dwelling of Jacob Garfield, and I went in, tho w<sup>th</sup> difficulty, to see it. Garfield himself led my horse out."

One of the most interesting Indian relics is on the old Johnson farm, now owned by Mr. Daniel Ruggles. This is a large cave, made by its aboriginal owners into two rooms. In one of them was a well-constructed fireplace. Many years ago it was struck by lightning. It is still occasionally frequented by strolling Indians, as is shown by bows and arrows and other material left by them.

Besides the Indians already mentioned, who made their home in this town eighty or ninety years ago, there were many from neighboring towns who spent more or less of

their time here. The most celebrated of all the later Hassanamiscoes is Sarah Boston, — a gigantic Indian woman, said to have been the last lineal descendant of King Philip. She often went by the name of Sarah Phillips, her father's name having been Boston Phillips. She is described as weighing nearly three hundred, and being very tall; indeed, as one good old lady said, "as tall as Dr. Harvey." Her father is said to have been a slave, who, like many of the slave men, married a free Indian woman to ensure the freedom of his children. Her house was in Grafton, on Keith hill, where her cellar and door-stone may still be seen, on the farm of Mr. David L. Fiske. She had a brother, Ben Boston, as large as herself, who lived with her. He died in Worcester years after her death.

She wore, usually, short skirts, which once might have been a bright yellow, red, or blue, but which always seemed to have grown the same dingy color before they came into her possession; spencers, the latter being an article of clothing worn by men in those days; men's boots and hats; and if the weather was very severe, a homespun bed-blanket over all. She wandered about the country, in one place helping the farmer with his work, and receiving her pay in cider. In times of extra work she was considered a very desirable "hand," and the heaviest work was left for her to do. In another place she sold her baskets; in

another, where there were young people, she told their fortunes, taking each one alone into a closed room, and peering intently into a cup of tea. Like all the Indians of that day, she drank whenever she had a chance; and it was a favorite remark of hers, "The more I drink, the drier I am."

It was not only the young children who stood in awe of her. Many of the strongest men, who had incurred her ill-will, turned aside when they saw her coming. She was in Worcester one day, when a man driving along commanded her roughly and insolently to get out of his way. She sprang upon the wheel of his carriage, jumped into the empty seat by his side, and would not get down until he had driven her as long as she pleased through the streets of the town.

A lady now living in Grafton was an eye-witness of her fury one time, when Capt. Joshua Harrington and Capt. Charles Brigham were riding together on South street in Grafton. She lay in the road, and Captain Harrington suggested driving over her. Captain Brigham got out of the wagon, and moved her to one side. She was not too drunk to resent the proposed injury, and sprang towards the carriage, and would have pulled out Captain Harrington — a man who weighed two hundred — had not the other captain held him in. After this she was a firm friend of Captain Brigham and his family.

The children in every town were afraid of her. Once she broke up a party of young people at Piccadilly. The father and mother were away, and the children were in the midst of their festivities, when in stalked Sarah Boston, attired in her usual boots, skirts, and coat. The young guests scattered to their homes, leaving the hostess to entertain her latest visitor as best she might.

Of Sarah Boston's home-life we know but little. She took pride in her small bit of garden; and among the things she tended was a fine cherry-tree, bearing large, handsome heart-cherries, while most of her neighbors had the sour red Morellos. The boys of the town considered her tree common property, and year after year came, just as the fruit began to ripen, and stripped the tree. One year it bore an especially heavy crop; but when the boys were anxiously watching for the first suggestion of red, the sound of an axe was heard, and a neighbor passing by saw Sarah with swinging blows cutting down her heavily loaded tree.

"Well, Sallie," he asked, "what is the matter with that tree?"

"It shades the house," she answered; "I can't see to read my Bible."

One night a party of young men, out on a good time, were passing the old cemetery in Grafton. Their ideas of wit, somewhat confused by liquor, suggested their knocking

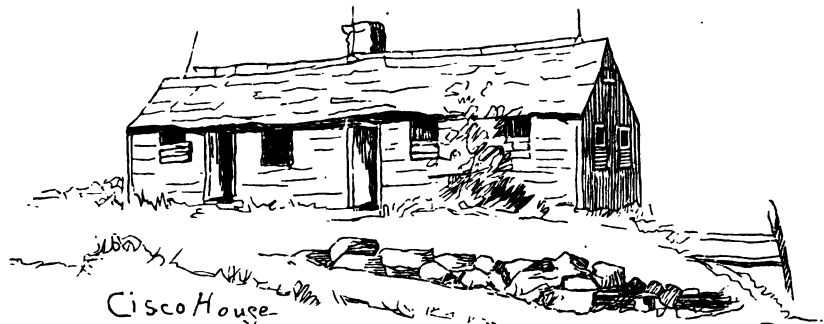
loudly on the wooden gate, and calling out: "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment." Slowly from one of the graves the immense form of Sarah Boston stretched itself up. Saying, "Yes, Lord; I am coming," she started in their direction. The young men, well-nigh paralyzed with fear, stumbled into their wagon, and, lashing their horse into a furious run, did not look behind them until safe in their own homes.

Not many years afterwards she was laid to rest in this old cemetery, to rise no more at the idle call of boys. At the dawning of the judgment day she may be among the first to answer, "Yes, Lord; I am coming."

Of the Hassanamiscoes there is now no representative living in Westborough. In Grafton, there is one family. All the other lands reserved for the Indians have passed into the hands of the whites; but the daughters of Harry Arnold — the granddaughters of Lucy Gimbee — still own, on Brigham hill, two and a half acres of land and a small house, built originally for their grandmother, and since enlarged. Here one of them, Sarah Maria Cisco, lives, and receives the two hundred dollars a year granted her by the State. Hers is the only land in the town, if not in the State, which has never passed out of the hands of the Hassanamiscoes. She is now seventy years old, is partially of colored blood. Her husband is partly colored and partly of the Narragansett tribe. They have several children.

There is probably no one living to-day of unmixed Has-sanamisco blood.

The Indian burying-ground in Grafton is a few rods from the residence of Fred. Jourdan, on the Farnumville road, in a field belonging to the old Whipple farm. Many of the



graves, marked at the head and foot with a rough stone, are plainly visible. Gorgeous with thistle and golden-rod, bathed in sunlight, this slope, for more than a hundred summers, has realized the Nipmucks' ideal resting-place.

Near the cemetery there is still pointed out the site of the first church founded by Eliot for the Indians more than two hundred years ago.

There were two other towns of praying Indians in the



immediate vicinity of Westborough,—one at Hopkinton, formed of the Magunkooks; the other at Marlborough, of a branch of the Wamesits. Both these families of Indians, as well as the Hassanamiscoes, belonged to the Nipmuck tribe. They took these local names from the plantation with which they were connected, and it was very common for them to move their home from one place to another, and even to live successively in each of the three towns. Netus was a prominent man in each place. His first home was in Grafton, where he was a friend to the whites; afterwards he was in Sudbury. In 1674 he was a ruler at Natick, but the next year he was one of the Indians who, with the three Jackstraws, were in the marauding party that attacked Thomas Eames' house. He escaped the fate of the Jackstraws by being killed by a party of English soldiers, in Marlborough, March 27, 1776. His wife, accused of complicity in the assault, was sold into slavery.

The plantations at Hopkinton and Marlborough, like that at Hassanamisco, were completely broken up by King Philip's war; and after the close of the war very few of the Indians returned. In 1790 the last of the Magunkooks disappeared from Hopkinton. Whitehall pond had been one of their favorite resorts, and, doubtless, every hiding-place and cave in the ledges on Mr.

Elbridge G. Rice's farm was known to them. On the way from his house to the ledges, on the left of the path, is a stretch of light, sandy soil now covered by a pine growth, which a reliable tradition says was formerly the Indian cornfield. In front of the house, in a large rock is a depression probably once used by them as a mortar, and near it was found a large rounded stone, its surface worn smooth by grinding corn.

The name "Whitehall" appeared in the plan of the land granted to Thomas Mayhew in 1647, the plan itself being dated 1714. At one time part of the lowland near the pond was called Black hall.

Some of the Wamesits came back to Marlborough and settled near the borders of Williams' pond. The old house of Peter Bent still stands; it was on his farm that these remnants of the Indians made their home. His house is interesting from its great age, being about two hundred years old, and from being built by this first settler, "one of the stern, staunch, sturdy, sensible old men of his time, a second Massinissa, as his neighbors and colleagues used to call him." (Dr. E. F. Barnes, Marlborough.)

These Indians built their wigwams near some immense chestnut-trees, one of which with its hollow trunk alone remains. The field near by still goes by the name of Wigwam yards. Among those returning after King

Philip's war was David Munnanow, who took an active part in the burning of Medfield. He lived to an extreme old age. Mr. Parkman, March 22, 1736-7, records a visit he paid the old Indian, in these words: "Visited old David Monanaow Indian. He tells me he was 104 last Indian Harvest. Says the name of Boston was not Shawmut but Shawwawmuth, Chauncy Pond was called Nawgawwoomcom."

After he was found dead beneath his favorite apple-tree, his son, Abimelech David, and his granddaughters, who, in the not unusual Indian fashion, adopted their father's first name for a surname, lived in the same location. Among the daughters were Sue, Deborah, Esther, Patience, Nabby, and Betty. Writing after the great snow-storm of January, 1780, Mr. Parkman says, "Hear y<sup>t</sup> Sue Bimelech was lately frozen to death."


The family gradually disappeared, and but few alive to-day can remember the time when there were Indians in Marlborough.

Not far from here, but nearer to Westborough, on the south road from Northborough to Marlborough, is the burying-ground of these Wamesits. It is on the right-hand side of the road, nearly opposite a house and small shop owned by Mr. Bispham. Entering a pair of bars just beyond his house, a short lane brings us to a large field with an

apple-tree in the centre. It is a sunny slope, about one hundred and fifty by five hundred feet. In the centre is a raised mound seventy-five by twenty-five feet. On the lower edge and one end of the field is still very plainly to be seen a raised embankment, which probably once extended all around the lot. But there is now no trace of graves, and no one who has dug into the various mounds has been so fortunate as to find any remains of these first inhabitants.

## CHAPTER X.

## SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

HEN there was no longer fear of hostile Indians, and the old ways and paths gave place to "great roads," a new element sprang up in the social life of New England. This was a class of people composed partly of the last degraded specimens of the Indians, partly of those who had once been slaves, and were suddenly released from their bondage, and partly of persons of American birth and education, whose tastes and capabilities fitted them for no other kind of life.

They travelled from house to house, seeking a night's lodging before some friendly fire, and whatever might be offered them of food, cider, or rum. Unlike our modern tramps, there was nothing transient about them. They came again and again to the same door. Many, like "Lady Parkman," the wife of Breck, the handsome store-keeper, always treated them with dignity and respect, ministered to their wants, gave them sympathy and advice, and when ill, mixed up for them a beneficial draught of molasses, cider, and red pepper.

It was the custom in many families to leave the doors unlocked all night, so that these wanderers could come in at any time and enjoy the comfort of a warm kitchen. Nor was it unusual, when the housewife came down in the morning, for her to find half a dozen Indians stretched out on the floor, with their feet pointing to the fire.

These tramps, or, as they were then called, "old shacks," became town characters, carrying the news from one house to another, welcomed often by the farmers' wives as a relief from the monotony of their daily work. The Indians were mostly Hassanamiscoes, — those already mentioned, and many others.

Those of New England birth were either shiftless characters, like Ollan Barrett, the grandson of the Hopkinton minister, or still oftener the insane, to whom no State institution offered care, and, when possible, cure. The crazy women, especially, added to the picturesqueness of the scene, and scarcely to the sadness, for most of them were full of happy dreams of pleasure and grandeur, which the stern reality of the early New England life made impossible to their more highly favored sisters. Stories of these insane would easily fill a volume: of Nabby Fessenden, a monomaniac on the subject of bonnets; of "Molly Green," who, when a young girl, had lost her lover, a young man named Green, and who, faithful to his memory, always wore something the color of

his name, and carried a sprig of green in her hand; of Nanny Beeton, whose lover was drowned at sea; and of many others.

Among the slaves there is no family more universally remembered than old Dinah's.

She was captured in Africa, branded with three straight marks on her cheek, sold on the pier in Boston to Sir Harry Frankland, who brought her to Hopkinton to work on his farm. She went to England with the Franklands, and returned with Lady Agnes. After slavery was done away with in Massachusetts, she came to Westborough, and lived in a small house nearly opposite Rev. H. W. Fay's, with her family, they working for Mr. Warren, then living on this place.

She is remembered as short and stout, with snow-white hair and blue eyes, always carrying a cane, and, in the season of them, a bunch of wild-flowers. In the later years of her life her mind was gone, and she talked to herself as she wandered around, oftenest about Lady Jane Grey. She was free to go where she pleased, receiving a welcome even in the room where the new baby lay; and being allowed to take it in her arms and clasp it to her bosom, forgetting she was not a young mother herself, and the wee white child her own little one.

O. W. Holmes, in "Agnes," speaks of her as —

“Black Dinah, stolen when a child,  
And sold on Boston pier,  
Grown up in service, petted, spoiled.”

She had three children, born in slavery, all brought up on the Frankland place. One of them was destined to achieve a more than local reputation. This was Dick Potter, the ventriloquist. J. G. Saxe has made him the subject of a poem, part of which is here given: —

“*THE GREAT MAGICIAN.*”

“Once, when a lad, it was my hap  
To gain my mother's kind permission  
To go and see a foreign chap,  
Who called himself the great magician.

“I recollect his wondrous skill  
In divers mystic conjurations,  
And how the fellow wrought at will  
The most prodigious transformations.

“I recollect the nervous man,  
Within whose hat the great deceiver  
Broke eggs, as in a frying-pan,  
And took them smoking from the beaver.

“I recollect the lady's shawl  
Which the magician rent asunder  
And then restored; but, best of all,  
I recollect the ribbon wonder.



"I ne'er shall see another show  
To rank with the immortal Potter's;  
He's dead and buried long ago,  
And others charm our sons and daughters."

Potter's trick with the fried eggs was one he often performed in town. Asking some one for a tall hat, he broke into it half a dozen eggs, and allowed the audience to see them hissing and sputtering, as much at home as if they were in the usual frying-pan. He then passed them around, in the manner of a modern cooking-school, for each person to have a taste, and returned the hat unspotted to the owner.

In his audience one day was Joel Andrews, one of the sturdy old farmers of Westborough. He had but little faith in Potter's tricks, and, standing up in the tavern hall, he commenced to criticise the great conjurer. Potter turned quickly to him, saying, "You want some new potatoes, don't you?"

"Don't know as I do," answered Andrews, determined not to be tricked.

"Well," he said, walking up to him, "you've got some;" and he commenced revolving his hands one over the other in front of Joel's face, and apparently extracting from some portion of the farmer's physiognomy old-fashioned potatoes, called in those days Long Johns. Joel moved away, but Potter followed, still producing the Long Johns, until the farmer, frightened, but believing, left the hall.

Potter, like many others, took the stage name of Signor Blitz, and gave entertainments all over the country, often returning to his old home, where the large dance-halls in the taverns at Piccadilly and Wessonville were crowded by eager audiences. Handbills announced his coming, and an admission of twenty-five cents was charged.

Dinah's daughter "Siddie," a famous maker of wedding-cake in her day, lived in Westborough many years,—first as Mrs. Gibson, in the house where E. J. Stone now lives in Piccadilly; and afterwards as the wife of Jerry Monday, or, as he preferred to be called, Jerry Norcross, in a small house at Wessonville, which Mr. Wesson built for them.

Another daughter was Julia, a mulatto, who married John Pritlow, of Boston; but in 1820, when she was past forty, she returned to Westborough, and lived in Mr. Wesson's family. She had one daughter who stayed in Boston, but came to her mother's home to die. Julia married for her second husband Jonas Titus, who for some reason was not invited to be among the chief mourners at his brother-in-law Gibson's funeral, and made the one remark which is now remembered of him, "The next time he dies he may go without mourners."

O. W. Holmes, in his poem, "Agnes," thus refers to Julia:—

“Go see old Julia, born a slave  
Beneath Sir Harry's roof.  
She told me half that I have told;  
And she remembers well  
The mansion as it looked of old  
Before its glories fell.”

Jonas Titus had a brother, Primus, once a slave in Framingham, — perhaps the Primus owned by Aaron Pike, and baptized in 1744. He was a great character in his way, “a clever old fellow,” bent nearly double. He was the one who rode over to a muster in Framingham, with a woman on a pillion behind him. She fell off, and a movement of Primus' disclosed the fact that he had on a shirt-bosom, but no shirt. The bystanders asked him why he didn't wear one.

“Why,” he answered, “I've got a dozen biled shirts at home, but I hadn't time to put one on.”

Of the slaves owned in Westborough, none, if living, seem to have made their home here, after the beginning of the century. There were two Southern slaves who for a number of years lived on the Blake place, now in the possession of Miss Fanny Smith. They had been owned in the South by a brother of Eli Whitney, the inventor. When he sold his plantation, he sent them to his sister, Mrs. Blake, probably first giving them their freedom. They were called “Old Nanny” and “Paton Shipworth.”

Bathaba was owned by Mr. John Corbett, of Mendon; but in times of extra work she was often lent to his brother, Mr. Elijah Corbett, then living in Westborough, where the J. A. Parker cider-mill now is. She is still remembered here as "Old Bath."

Mr. Parkman's boy Maro, we have already seen, died soon after coming here

Mr. Parkman, in his journal, speaks, in 1726, of "Mr. O. Ward's Rocket and horse" coming over to help his hired man Robert weed the corn. Mr. Oliver Ward lived on West Main street, on the James McTaggart place.

Mr. James Bowman, who lived on the Upton road, beyond No. 5 school-house, owned a slave, Vilot. She was a favorite with all, being a privileged person in the house. One night a young man who was visiting there had a severe toothache, and Vilot was called up to take care of him. In the morning some one asked her if she felt tired. "Ho, hum," she answered, "it's a long time since I've sat up with a young man."

The three slaves owned by Stephen Maynard were sold to go South.

The style of dress a century ago, especially for men, was very different from that of to-day. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the men still wore their hair long, or tied in a club-queue; their coats were broad-tailed, their hats low-

crowned and broad-brimmed; they had shoe-buckles, knee-buckles, and long stockings, usually home-made, of a mixed blue wool, though the parson often had them of linen or silk. Among the older men, cocked hats and long queues were seen, and ruffles at the wrist.

In 1787, after the death of Jacob Broaders, grandfather of Hiram Broaders, Moses Wheelock, the "Vendeu Master," rendered the following account of the disposal of his clothing, probably not unlike that of most country gentlemen of his day. The name of the purchaser is first given: —

"Edward Cobb, Great Coat for twenty-five shillings.

Shadrach Miller, Velvet Wastcoat for 17 shillings.

Stephen Maynard 3d Blue coat for 24 " .

Calvin Rice Red coat for thirty-two " .

Amasa Maynard Red pr. Breaches for 14 " .

Timothy Warren, Blue waistcoat 2/6.

Hollan Maynard, White waistcoat for 3/2

Calvin Rice, White pr. Woollin Stockings 2/7.

Simeon Bellows pr. Woolling Stockings. 2/8."

Besides these things, the judge allowed the widow to take—

"An old fine shirt 3/6.

1 pr. Silver Shoe Buckles. 14/6

One pair of Silver knee buckles. 5/6

One pair Silver Sleeve Buttons 1s."

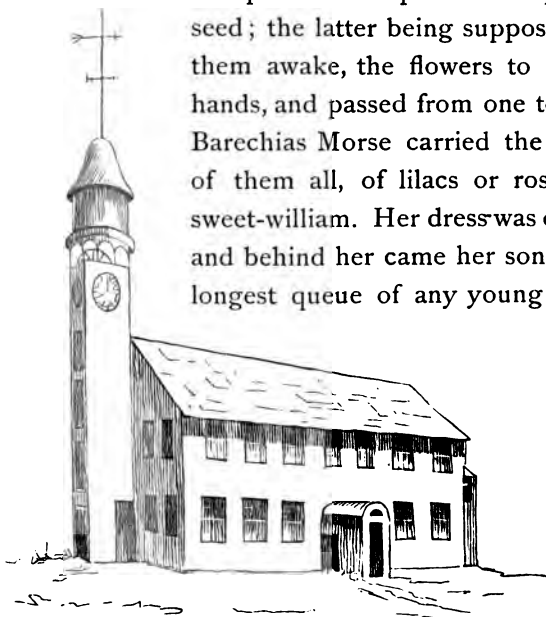
Mr. Parkman occasionally makes some reference to his dress, as on February 27, 1779: "Mrs. P. has made up my *Camlet Gown*, lind with *Green Baize*." She evidently bought enough green baize for two garments, for he writes a few days after, March 4: "Mrs. P—— disposes of ye *Baize* Lining (designd lining of a New Red, homespun, Camblit gown for Elias) to Ebenezer and with ye Money & some addition (y<sup>t</sup> is of 34S) purchases yds. of Bear skin to make him (Elias) a Straight-bodyd coat." "Camlet" was a thin stuff, made of silk and camel's-hair; the homespun camlet was probably made from wool.

On Sundays, attired in their best, the men walked, sometimes driving in their farm-wagons, a very few in their "pleasure-carriages," to the church, stopped in the porch to chat with each other, then went in, seated themselves in the roomy square pews, whose capacity was usually increased by the addition of one or two kitchen chairs, hung up their hats on the pillars supporting the galleries, and gave their earnest attention to a sermon an hour or two long.

The women in winter wore heavy cloaks of homespun, sometimes richer ones, interlined with wool or down. They brought their tiny yellow foot-stoves, and at noon replenished them at Mr. Parkman's generous fireplaces.

But summer was the gala-time in the "old Arcade," when the women came in their freshly laundried calicoes or

chintzes, or in their stiff, rustling silks. Nearly every one carried in her hand a bit of a bouquet, — a white rose, or a few pinks tied up with a sprig of caraway seed; the latter being supposed to help keep them awake, the flowers to be held in their hands, and passed from one to another. Mrs. Barechias Morse carried the biggest bouquet of them all, of lilacs or roses, or the rarer sweet-william. Her dress was of the nicest silk; and behind her came her son Elisha, with the longest queue of any young man in church.



The Church in 1806.

There was considerable sensation one Sunday as Elisha Morse walked dignified and erect down the aisle, when one of the mischievous girls

caught his queue and brought him to an abrupt and undignified standstill.

The women's dresses were straight and scant, with no gathers in front, until about the second decade of the

present century, when the fashionable dress-makers commenced to put in a very few,—an innovation which met with small favor among the girls. On their hands they wore home-made knitted mitts reaching to the elbows.

Pins were a luxury, and do not appear in the store-bills. In place of them, each family had a thorn-bush, planted usually near the front-door,—a convenient pin-cushion. When the wealthiest people indulged in the luxury of a real pin-cushion, they made it a work of art, perhaps a bit of embroidered tapestry, and hung it up on the wall, like a picture. It was considered none too good for the few hand-made pins.

We get a little idea of the wardrobe of a well-to-do middle-aged lady from an “*%* of articales appressed as the proppers of Persis B. Marble’s late of Northboro’.” This auction took place January 2, 1826. Her wearing apparel was as follows:—

“ 1 bombazine gound. \$5.	1 Habbit . . . . . 3.
1 silk dito . . . . \$3.	1 Remnant of washing
1 old Bombazine dito 2.	cloth . . . . . 3.
1 Bombazett “ N. 2.	1 Wooling Shall . . . 2.25
1 Gingam “ 1.50	1 Mantle . . . . . 1.50
2 old Gingham “ 1.75	2 prs. Shoes . . . . . 1.
1 Pelise . . . . . 4.	3 scurts . . . . . 3.
1 Grate Coat . . . 6.50	3 crape Handkerchiefs .75



1 silk apehorn & Ladis'		2 pocket Handker-	
Bag . . . . .	.70	chiefs . . . . .	.80
4 caps . . . . .	1.	2 silk dito . . . . .	1.50
3 prs. gloves. n. . . .	1.25	2 prs. silk stockings .	2.
5 Knight Gouns . . .	2.	8 prs. dito . . . . .	3.
3 wasts & shirts . . .	2	1 comb . . . . .	.30
2 yds. Bombazett . . .	.50	1 Bonnet, Veil & Bow	1.10"
1 Scurt & 2 apehorns	.75		

A young mother preparing her baby's layette bought different materials, and made them differently from one in the same station of life now. In her drawer were the long flannel bands, to be fastened as tightly as possible around the delicate little body; the dainty white shirts, low-necked and short-sleeved, with a bit of delicately wrought hand embroidery on the piece turned down in front and back; a pile of small white muslin caps, — for the baby's head must be covered, though neck and arms went bare; long skirts of bright, yellow flannel, sometimes finely striped with black; foot-blankets, of the same color; and a goodly supply of small-figured calico dresses. In a drawer by itself lay the christening robe, the one white dress, as rich and elaborate as the mother's purse could afford, or her skilful fingers devise. With it was the one white skirt and white blanket. Sometimes, prepared for this same occasion, was the christen-

ing apron, to be worn by the mother, of heavy white silk, likewise embroidered by her own hand. This apron was used only when her babies were baptized, but even then it sometimes chanced that it was worn out in the service.

Among the more important social events were the funerals. Nearly every one in town went. Prayers were held at the house, toddy was passed, each one drinking from the same large toddy-tumbler; after which they either went directly to the grave or to the church,—the old Arcade, where, if in summer, the closed coffin was placed under the elm-tree in front, which was planted when the Arcade was built. The friends went into the church and listened to the readings and prayers. When they came out, the coffin-lid was raised, to give them a last look at their friend.

There was no hearse in Westborough until 1801. Before that time, the body was carried, often for a long distance, on a bier, — a long-handled stretcher. There were twelve or more bearers, who relieved each other on the way. Over the coffin was thrown the burying-cloth, — the one owned by this town costing two pounds. It was of heavy black material, with an immense tassel at each corner. The first hearse in town was a platform of slats with four wheels, drawn by one horse.

The coffin was made by the village carpenter, costing from two dollars and a half to three dollars and a half. They

were usually stained red, though sometimes, especially in the case of colored persons, a black one was seen. There was no lining, and the initials and date were either written on a card, fastened on to the coffin, or made with brass-headed nails. This lettering was often done by Dr. Hawes' son, James Hawes, Jr. For lettering one, "P. G. Æ 76," he charged thirty-three cents.

When Ensign Daniel Bartlett died, in the old Goodenow house in Northborough, in 1764, there were distributed at his funeral nineteen pairs of black gloves, eighteen pairs of white gloves, twelve black gauze handkerchiefs, and other articles, amounting in all to seventy-six pounds and seven shillings.

It was customary to give black gloves to the bearers.

Rings and other jewelry were left on the body until after the funeral, then removed by the friends.

In January, 1780, Mr. Daniel Forbes was very ill. This was the year of the famous snow-storm; for several days it had raged with violence; the cold was intense. The few who ventured to the sanctuary on Sunday came on rackets, and gathered at noon around Mr. Parkman's kitchen fire. The snow was too deep for Mr. Parkman, who had no rackets, to venture as far as Mr. Forbes' house, which was on Jackstraw hill. The cellar in the pasture owned by Mrs. C. W. Forbes still marks the site. A company of eight young men drew his two daughters on a hand-sled to see him.

before he died. Mr. Parkman writes: "My Heart is much with him." He lived only two days after this, and the next day, January 14, Mr. Parkman writes the following account of his funeral: "Squire Baker and two or three Hands with him, w<sup>c</sup> soon increased to half a doz. drew me on a sled to the House of Mourning. It was sharp cold, ye Wind Piercing, ye Sled goes over ye Tops of Walls and Fences. Tho' it was very difficult to get there, yet y<sup>r</sup> were many people—as it is said he died happily, so he was buried *honourably* & g<sup>rt</sup> Respect shown to his Remains. . . . There were so many persons with snow-shoes, y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>re</sup> was a good Path & ye Corps was carried on a Bier, on Men's Shoulders. I was drawn by a number of Rackett men, in a very handsome Sleigh, with ye Widow, Mrs. Abigail Forbush & her sister Mrs. Dinah Bond. It was too tedious for me to stay at the grave, I came away before the Coffin was let down—by that time I got to Breck's stove I was nigh overcome, by one means & another. The Mourners, Bearers &c. come to my House to hear the *Will*. Dr. Hawes read it."

A plain slate stone, just back of the soldiers' monument in Memorial cemetery, still marks the spot where, with deep sorrow and great respect, this strange funeral procession halted, and laid the honored remains in their last resting-place.

When Peter Whitney was pastor of the Northborough

church, he made, without due consultation with its members, some changes in the covenant. This displeased some of the people, among them John Ball, who lived near the top of Ball hill. His relations with Mr. Whitney, from this time, were far from pleasant. About the close of the century, Mr. Ball's mother died. Determined that Parson Whitney should have nothing to do with the funeral, he sent to Boylston for Rev. Mr. Fairbanks.

Mr. Whitney and his wife, at the appointed time, started for Mr. Ball's house; but it was early spring, and the roads were well-nigh impassable. His chaise stuck fast in the mud, and the most strenuous efforts could not release them in time for the funeral.

He finally arrived; but Mr. Fairbanks was already on the field, and the services had commenced. Taking him one side, Mr. Whitney positively forbade his proceeding.

"You forbid him?" asked Mr. Ball.

"Yes, sir," firmly answered Mr. Whitney.

"Then there shall be no services," he replied.

Mr. Whitney protested that he would himself offer prayer; but Mr. Ball said, "No; not in this house."

Mr. Whitney then proceeded to the door-step; but here Mr. Ball followed him, — there would be no prayer on his door-step.

"Then I shall pray on the farm," declared the priest.

"Not on my farm," answered Mr. Ball.

And so the funeral procession started, and the old lady was laid to rest with no prayer or word of comfort for her sorrowing friends.

As they turned away from the graveyard, the church bell tolled out its summons, and some went in to the services conducted by Mr. Whitney in his own church, where John Ball had no right to forbid them. After this time, he had no further dealings with the Rev. Mr. Fairbanks.

A few years later, in 1801, John Ball himself died, his feud with Parson Whitney still unsettled. His widow invited Rev. Mr. Puffer, of Berlin, to attend the funeral; and after consulting Mr. Whitney, through Deacon Davis, and supposing it would not be objectionable to him, Mr. Puffer, partly against his own judgment, yielded to the widow's tears.

A few days after the funeral he received a brief note from Mr. Whitney, saying, in substance, that it was his request that Mr. Puffer should never presume to set his foot in Northborough for any ministerial service, as long as he himself was there, and able to perform it.

A long letter from Mr. Puffer, telling of his extreme care not to give offence to Mr. Whitney, and of his understanding from Deacon Davis that his attending Mr. Ball's funeral would be the cause of no hard feeling, concluded this contro-

versy. Mr. Whitney wrote that his explanation was so far satisfactory that their friendship was restored to its old footing, and invited Parson Puffer to dine with him in the Northborough parsonage.

This parsonage, built by Mr. Whitney, in 1780, still stands, on the first Berlin road, not far beyond the Unitarian church. The location was that chosen by Nathaniel Oakes for his farm. At his house were the first religious services held in Northborough, before the separation of the town. The first pastor, Rev. Mr. Martyn, occupied the place; Mr. Whitney had it from him, and while he was living there the old house was burned.

Westborough probably had its share of social entertainments, — quiltings, apple-bees, barn-raising, etc., — but very few accounts of them have been preserved.

We have had glimpses, in the journal of Anna Sophia Parkman, of many quiet little times, — of coffee-drinkings, afternoon teas, and singing-schools. Her father used to go to the barn-raising, and knew how to lend a strong hand to the work. In 1724 he writes: "I rode as far as Mr. Tainter's to raising his Barn. It was a pleasant time, but not all together with all our Trouble and Toil." Mr. Tainter lived on the Cyrus Wadsworth homestead.

Another time he writes: —

"June 3, 1779. At Eve, but before sunsetting, I by

request of Mr. Sam<sup>l</sup>. Forbush went to his House. He has been raising a new Barn & moving part of an old One. I was at their supper; after w<sup>c</sup> we Sung part of Ps. 112."

The singing of psalms was an important part of many social gatherings. When Mr. Whitney's new parsonage was raised, in 1780, where they had "an excellent frame and a great company," they sang the one hundred and twenty-seventh psalm, —

"If God to build the house deny,  
The builders work in vain;  
And towns, without his wakeful eye,  
A useless watch maintain."

Often the dinners and teas were concluded in this way, and even the huskings. Mr. Parkman writes of the gathering-in of his harvest, in 1779: —

"Oct. 11. This day we cutt up carted home and hulled out ye Indian corn. Ephr<sup>m</sup>. Parker went with my team, & Deacon Wood with his, about nine dined here. There were forty or more of men and boys at Eve and Several Neighb<sup>rs</sup> were so generous as to contribute to the entertain<sup>mt</sup>. Squire Baker about 50 lbs. of meat. Mr. Eb<sup>r</sup> Forbes Beef, Lt. Bond Pork, Mr. Barn, Newton, a Cheese, Breck sufficient Rum. Thro' the gift of God we had a good Crop, Sound Corn & ye Joy of Harvest. To Him be all Honor and Glory! Eve, sang latter part of Ps. 65."



“The softened ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring;  
The valleys rich provision yield,  
And the poor lab’rers sing.”

Good, strong West India rum was usually served at social gatherings. At weddings, there was wine in small glasses, and pound-cake. In the early part of this century, ladies’ tea-parties were all the rage, and punch was the favorite drink in summer; in winter, “flip.” Flip was made of beer, a beaten egg added, the two stirred together with a red-hot “loggerhead,” and last of all, just before serving, a little rum or whiskey was poured in.

A very fashionable beverage was “mulled wine.” It was made very acceptably for many years at the famous Brigham tavern, then standing where the Westborough hotel does now. Since then the oldest part, formerly the Gregory house, has been moved a little farther down South street, and is now known as Union building.

It was made at the tavern from this recipe, furnished by the landlord’s wife, Mrs. Dexter Brigham: —

#### MULLED WINE.

One quart Madeira, boiling hot; one-half pint hot water; six eggs, beaten light; sugar to taste.

The children of the town met at stated intervals in the

church, and recited their catechism, studied diligently every Sunday from the old New England primer. Mr. Parkman notes in his journal, "Catechised at ye Meeting-House A.M. 32 Boys, p.m. 23 Girls. May a blessing accomp<sup>y</sup> my instruction and Warns to them of each Sex!"

The meeting-house in those days, as well as the cemetery, was surrounded by an old-fashioned country fence, which kept out more or less effectually the swine,—which the town year after year voted to let "goo at large,"—the cattle, and sheep. It seems to have been Mr. Parkman's work to see that these fences were kept repaired, and his privilege to make such use of the land as he could. Recording the arrival of some guests, May 11, 1779, he says: "Their Horses are put into the Burying Place; our Hay being gone."

Most of the houses in town were unpainted. Mr. Parkman's was probably red, as that was the color of the front fence.

Sometimes the people of the town gave the minister a donation party. An account of such a one at Rev. Peter Whitney's, in Northborough, was printed in the "Massachusetts Gazette," Oct. 5, 1769. It is in these words: "The good women of Northborough, zealous of emulation, yea, ambitious of excelling their sisters in other towns, agreed to spin

what each should please, and appointed a day at which to meet at the house of Rev. Mr. Whitney, to present him and his consort with what each had spun for that end. Accordingly, on the day appointed, they assembled at the house of their minister, about three o'clock in the afternoon, bringing with them the fruit of their Labours and Industry. Upon computing the linen, tow and cotton, there were 2223 knots, besides a linen sheet and two towels, all of which they generously gave to their reverend pastor. The number of the women was Forty-four. It is presumed that this act of generosity much exceeds what any other people have done for their minister in this way, that we have heard of; especially will it be thought so when the *smallness* of the place, the fewness of its members, that this was spun at *their own houses*, and out of their *own materials*, are all considered."

In the early days of the settlement of the town, most of the marriages, if not all, were solemnized by Mr. Parkman. Afterwards it became a common custom for the bridal couple to walk arm-in-arm from the bride's home to the dwelling-house of James Hawes, Justice of the Peace, where, in the parlor, with few witnesses, the ceremony was performed by him.

In 1778, when currency was very much depreciated, Mr. Parkman received from three to eight dollars for a marriage.

In 1779, soon after Mr. Daniel Forbes' funeral, and while

the snow still rendered the roads nearly impassable, he received an "urgent message" to go to Capt. Edmund Brigham's, who lived on the Southborough road near the boundary line, to marry Mr. Antipas Brigham. In his journal, January 24, he writes: "I went, but with great difficulty by reason of ye deep snow. My sons Breck and Elias drew me on a light sled as far as Mr. Haskill's" — this house having ever since been owned by his descendants, the present owner being Mr. Asa Haskell — "Nigh w<sup>e</sup>. a number of young men, Brighams, accompanied me on foot to the house w<sup>re</sup> I performed ye Solemnity. After supper, they bro't me to Mr. Gale's, who kindly obliged me to lodge there." This was the old Gale tavern, recently owned by Dennis Fitzpatrick. The tradition of Mr. Parkman's ride to the wedding is still preserved in the Brigham family, with some of the incidents of the trip, — that the old minister lost his wig, and the "racketmen" were at no small trouble to recover it; but all finally ended well.

Singing a psalm was usually part of the marriage services. November 10, 1778, Mr. Parkman writes of an afternoon wedding, "went to Widow Bakers, acc. to Mr. Andrew's request. I marry'd y<sup>m</sup>. Supped & we sing Watts' Ps. 128. 6 Doll."











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